

Puck

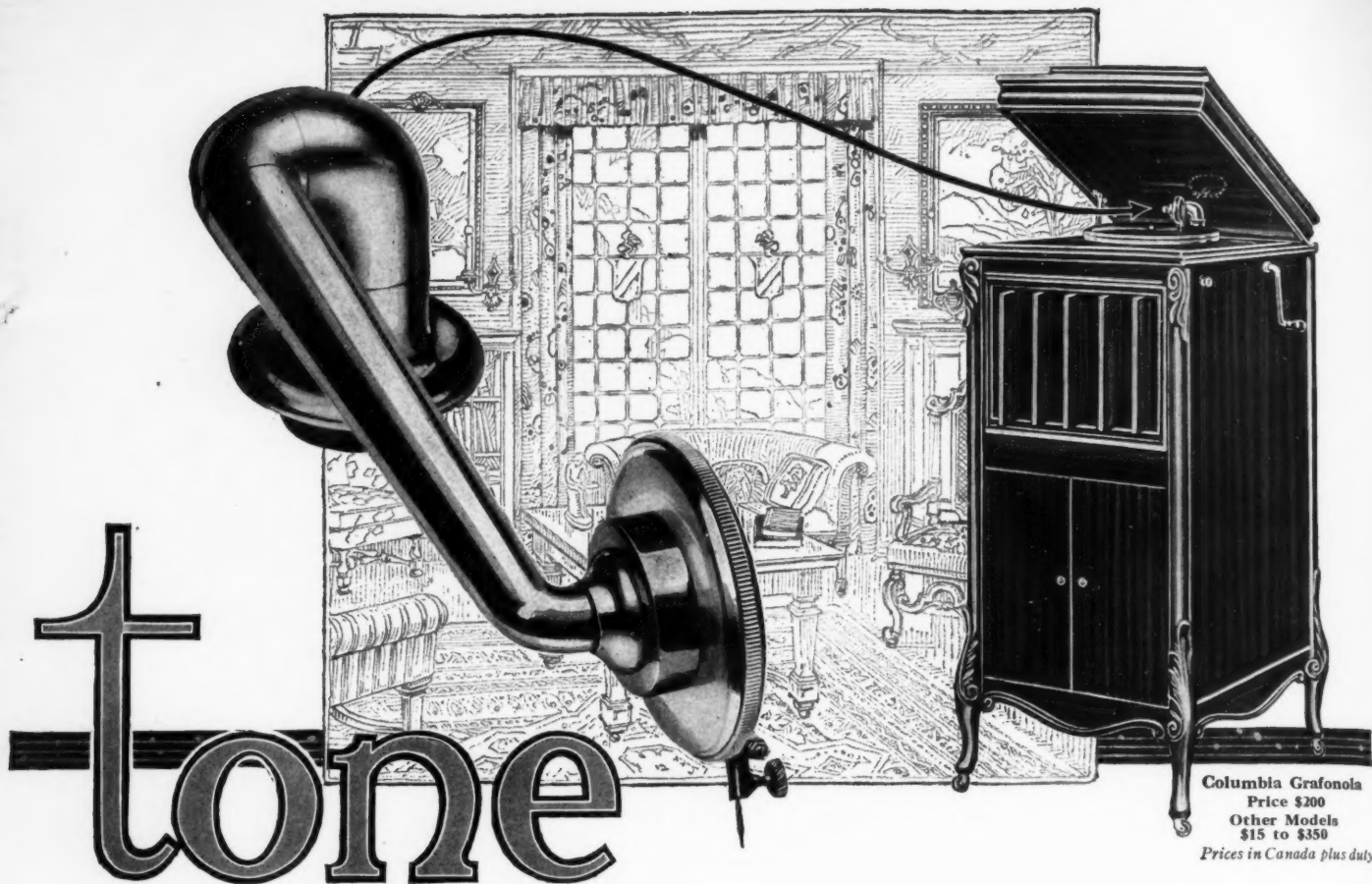
Pictorial History of America
Number Ten—In This Issue

June 2, 1917
Price 10 Cents



On the Shelf—For the Duration of the War

A Raemaekers Cartoon in this Number—Page 9.



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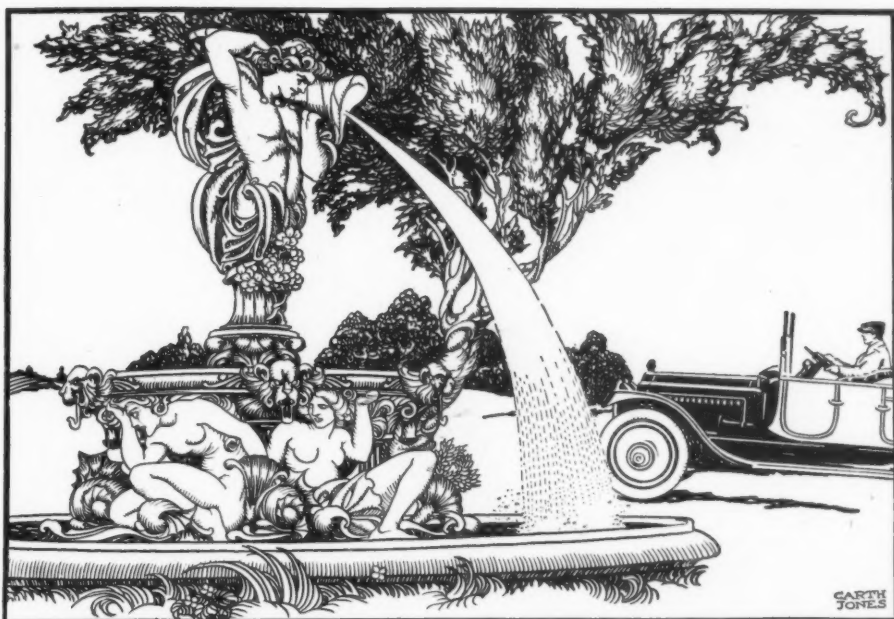
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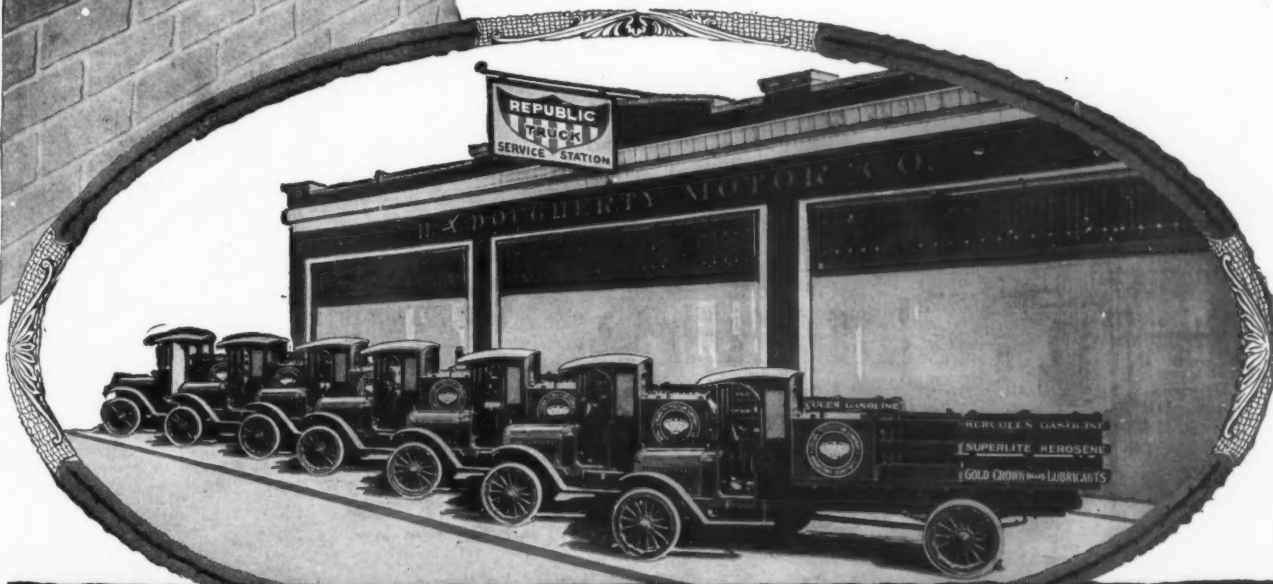
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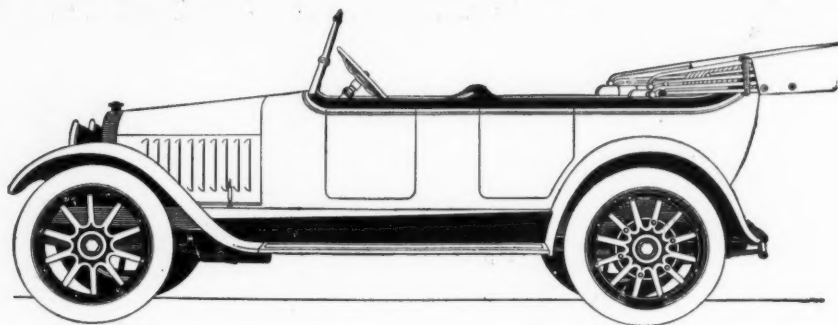
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(All prices f. o. b. Detroit subject to change without notice.)



CHALMERS MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



Suck



"America's Cleverest Weekly"

VOL. LXXXI No. 2100

WEEK ENDING JUNE, 2, 1917

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The Beginner

The Newford
The hours of careful instruction
The trembling decision to run it alone
The repeated crankings
The copious perspiration
The muttered imprecations
The occasional consumptive cough of the engine
The appeal to passers-by
The obliging stranger
The twiddling with the carburetor
The quick turn of the wrist
The resultant purr of the engine
The scramble into the driver's seat
The adjustment of several dewflickers
The silent prayer
The attempt to push the clutch into low
The stalled engine
The feeling of despair
The discovery that the emergency brake is set
The second spasm of cranking
The wild delight at starting the motor
The jerky forward motion
The cold sensation in the pit of the stomach
The approaching street-car
The convulsive clutch at every lever
The stalled engine
The obstructed traffic
The venomous glances and sneering smiles
The wild dash for a telephone
The demand for an instructor to come out and finish the job.



Johnny: Darn this war economy, anyway!

Forgetfulness

STERN PARENT: Robert, didn't you promise me not to play marbles again?
SMALL ROBERT: Yes, sir.
STERN PARENT: And didn't I promise to whip you if you did?
SMALL ROBERT: Yes, sir; but as I forgot to keep my promise I won't hold you to yours.



Much ado about nothing

An Over-Due Reform

The glad news has gone forth that the seventy-five principal hotels and restaurants of New York have chopped most of the fancy dishes from their menus and tossed them into the discard with much fluency and abandon. Hereafter the diner will be able to get roast beef cooked in only eighteen or twenty styles, instead of in the thirty-five or thirty-eight disguises which it formerly affected; while potatoes, instead of being served under upwards of forty-nine names, as of yore, will be listed on the dining-room directory under not more than twelve aliases.

The chief reason for this radical step is, of course, the need of conserving our national resources. Another minor reason is the advisability of cutting down restaurant expenses so that those who wish to get a meal in a restaurant won't have to mortgage the family furniture and sublet the old family apartment in order to do it.

The move is a highly laudable one, of course; but none the less, it is one that should have been made many years ago. The average restaurant patron is a person who eats the food that is put before him and is glad for it. If, in the privacy of his home, he is brought a plate of noodle soup, he swallows it with avidity, and never dreams of asking for a bowl of gumbo de Avignon,

croutonnes aux Chaminades de King Alfonso or of Bouillabaise de petit pois et truffes, à la Rochefoucauld.

In a restaurant, however, when he is presented with a menu bearing the names of fifty-seven varieties of soups, he is very apt to view all of the names with an expression of disgust and loathing, and then summon the manager in order to find out why the restaurant isn't serving shark-fin broth flavored with nasturtium seed. Add to this the unpleasant fact that every patron has to pay for the food which he eats, and also help to pay for the queer-sounding dishes that he wouldn't even try to pronounce, and one is filled with upwards of seven dollars' worth of amazement to think that public opinion hasn't long since forced Congress to pass a law forbidding any restaurant to serve more than fifty dishes at any one meal.

Society Viewpoint

MRS. WAYUPP: If the city is attacked can your servants be relied upon?

MRS. BLASE: Yes, indeed. My nurse-girl has promised to stay here with the baby while I remove little Fido to a place of safety.

Growing Old Together

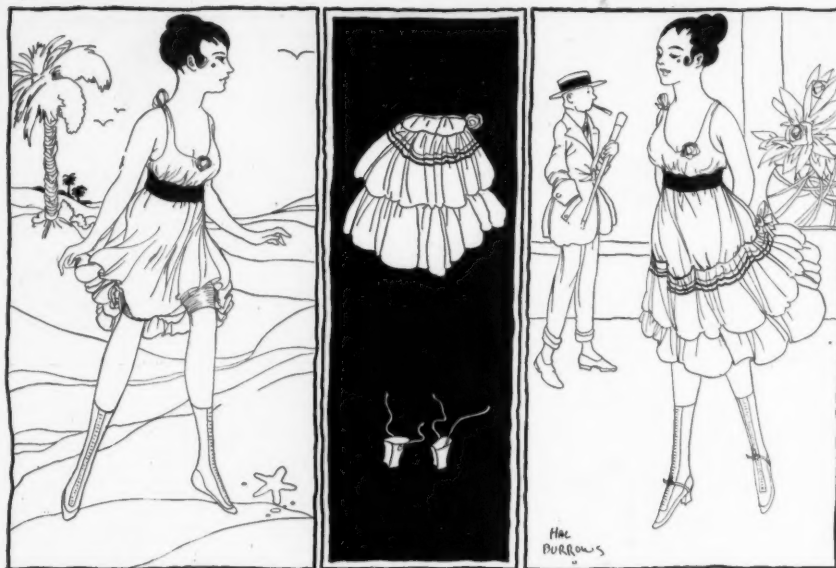
CREDITOR: I shall call upon you every week until you pay this bill!

HARDLEIGH: Then there seems to be every probability of our acquaintance ripening into friendship.



The bard writes his war poem

Suggested to Girls with a Limited Dress Allowance



A bathing suit, plus a bit of fluff and a pair of high heels, makes a dainty dancing dress

A Slow Road

RAILROAD PRESIDENT: Another farmer is suing us on account of his cows.

LAWYER: Killed by our trains?

RAILROAD PRESIDENT: No; he complains that our passengers are leaning out of the windows and milking them as the trains go by.

Under Pressure

"Jones has an awful habit of pulling out his watch when anyone talks to him."

"When they lived at Sandville, Mrs. Jones used to drive him mad with shopping instructions every morning just before the 6:43 accommodation pulled out."

Sensitiveness

"Mrs. Gasley is a great gossip."
"Yes. She has a good sense of rumor."

In Every Home

"What is stern necessity?"
"Come home with me tonight and I'll show her to you."

For Sale

"Did you take anything for that cough?"
"No, but I'll refuse no reasonable offer."

After the Proposal

HE (*ardently*): It's all been just like a play.

SHE (*wearily*): But a play has intermissions.

Prohibitive

"Do you cast your bread upon the waters?"
"Not since it's ten cents a loaf."

How It Looked to Him

EDITOR: Our society reporter was sick last night so we sent our War correspondent to cover that swell ball.

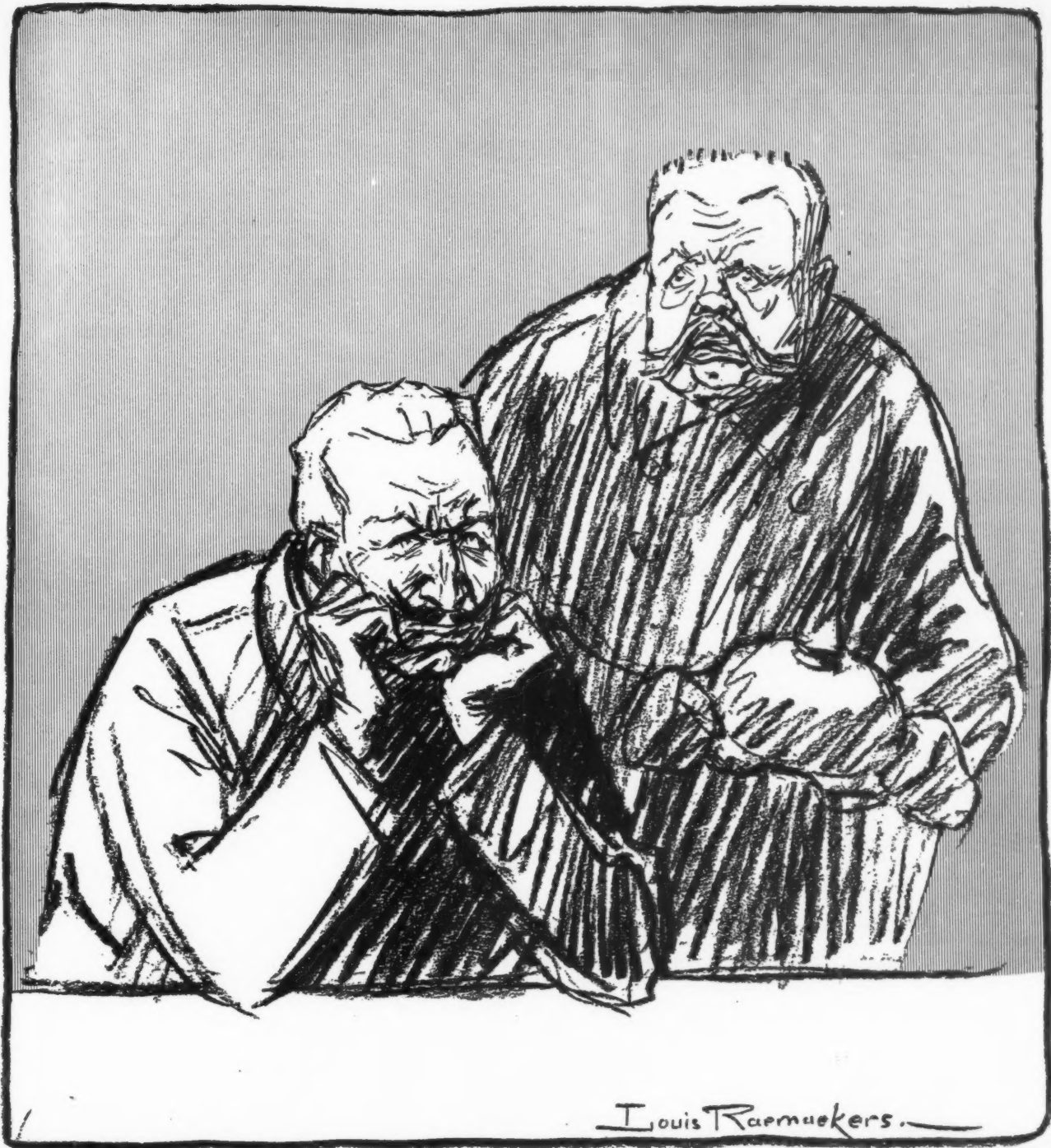
ASSISTANT: How did he do?

EDITOR: Not very well. In describing how Mrs. Barely was dressed he said "There was nothing of importance on her Eastern front."



You may fire when you are ready, Uncle Sam

"According to Plan"



Drawn by Louis Raemaekers

Copyright, 1917, by J. Murray Allason

The German newspapers have tried to explain away the French and British victories since April 9th, by telling their readers that "Hindenburg retreated according to plan."

HINDENBURG: The Franco-British drive, your Majesty, has resulted in the capture of 49,579 of our men. We have lost four towns, 386 trench mortars, 943 machine guns, all according to our pl

WILLIAM: Aw, shut up!

Spineless

"I hear your new son-in-law has brain-fever," said the curious man.

"Brain-fever, did you say?" chuckled the father-in-law. "The poor nut couldn't have any such a sickness. Imagine a jelly fish having a back-ache."

A Variation of the Old Theme

MORTON: So you are sure that marriage has made a new man of you?

MORGAN: Absolutely.

MORTON: Then that cancels the ten I owed you. Now lend me five, will you?

Saving

I'm saving my money for a sunny day In the popular, modern, American way. Some day when the bright sun gilds the scene

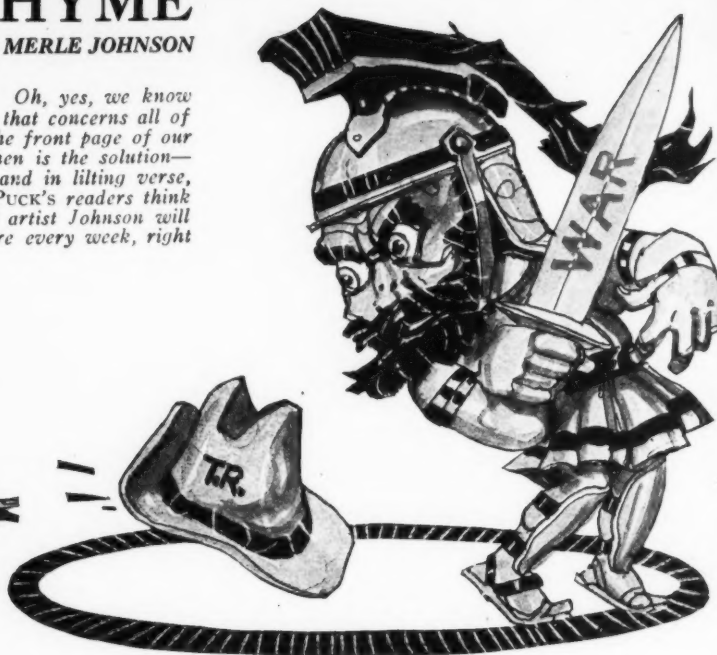
I'll blow my money for gasoline.
Walter G. Doty.

THE NEWS IN RHYME

Verses by BERTON BRALEY

Drawings by MERLE JOHNSON

Would you be informed of what the world is doing? Oh, yes, we know there is a war on, and that war is about the only news that concerns all of us vitally. But to wade through that mass of type on the front page of our newspapers! Ye gods, what a task! All right, here then is the solution—*The News in Rhyme*, the week's history in a nutshell and in lilting verse, too. Why, it's sheer joy! A good many thousand of Puck's readers think so, anyway. And so, good people all, poet Braley and artist Johnson will continue to do their entertaining stunt for your pleasure every week, right here on this page.



The latest decision
Says Teddy's division
May soon be permitted to go;
Well, that's the right spirit
We're tickled to hear it
But why is our Congress so slow?

Each problem it tackles
It gabbles and cackles
And fusses and fumes in a fret,
It pecks and it scratches
But nothing much hatches,
It sits, but refuses to set.

The Russians' new freedom
Seems likely to lead 'em
Through all sorts of troubles and woes,
Are they in a humor
For peace? That's the rumor—
But, seemingly, nobody knows.

Another Zeppelin
Quite recently fell in
The waves of the chilly North Sea,
Perhaps it was striving
To prove that in diving
'Twas good as a U-boat might be.

Von Hindenburg, battered
And pounded and shattered
Still seems very much in the fight;
The U-boats are swarming
In numbers alarming,
They're murderous weapons, all right.

Our war loan is showing
Some slowness in "going",
Recruiting's beginning to lag,
Won't somebody wake us
To see that this fracas
Means more than just waving a flag!

Hank Ford says each income
That's big should begin com-
ing through with a heavier share,
"My wealth is so ample,"
He says, "for example,
The state ought to soak me for fair."

Which proves, as aforetime,
That, peace time or war time,
Our Henry's a mighty good sport;
But recent advices
Regarding food prices
Would show there are few of his sort;

For wild speculation
Throughout the whole nation
Reveals a despicable brood,
Who'd like to see famine
If they could go crammin'
Their pockets by cornering food.

"Down, down! with the censors!"
Cried all news dispensers
And therefore the censors went down;
The country grows drier.
—Peruna comes higher
In many a city and town.

Each minute that passes
The world's patient masses
Are less and less patient, it seems;
A world revolution
May prove the solution
Of all of our hopes and our dreams.



Scientific Cut-Ups

A GAIN the question of vivisection is up for discussion. This time it is launched by the research scientists of Johns Hopkins University, with one, William C. Schnabel, in the van. Mr. Schnabel has "watched operations upon dogs and examined the pens and cages in which they are kept." He bemoans the fact that not enough animals can be secured for the purpose of prying them open and experimenting with their "innards" while they are under ether. He is convinced that it is necessary "to have a constant supply of healthy creatures, so that the human race may be benefited."

But why confine these experiments to the lower animals? There is enough good material at hand just now among the country's alien enemies, professional German spies, and "conscientious objectors" to our war for democracy. There are the slackers, too. No doubt a large percentage of these people would prefer the discomforts of the dissecting-table to the horrors of war. Here is an easy solution of some of the pressing problems of the moment. "Sacrificed to Science" is a noble emblem to carve on any man's tombstone.

"I saw a dog," said Mr. Schnabel, "from which one entire kidney and one-half of the other had been removed, and the dog certainly did not show any signs of discomfort." This advocate of vivisection did not, however, say whether or not the dog was dead when he noted its perfect indifference to bodily mutilation.

Idle Money

THE managing editor of the biggest morning paper in the United States once remarked that if a person were to go out on the street and ask the first ten men he met who Napoleon was, nine of them wouldn't know, while the tenth would reply that Napoleon was the man who played second base for Cleveland for so many years. This may sound too radical to most men; yet Congressman Caraway of Arkansas, who is supposed to represent the intelligence and the opinions of a certain section of Arkansas, recently rose to his feet in the House of Representatives and emitted a few profundities which tend to prove that the managing editor was correct. "Last March," spouted Mr. Caraway, "the national banks of this country had deposits of \$12,957,000,000, sufficient to meet every emergency of this country, because money that is lying idle in banks is not doing anything particular for industry."

When one of his brother-Congressmen asked him plaintively whether he really thought that money on deposit was idle, Mr. Caraway replied: "I should not

Editorially



Speaking

think it was doing anything except drawing interest." If Mr. Caraway is truly representative of any section of this country, it seems only fair to suppose that the people of that section are practically ossified above the neck; and all who read of his comprehensive grasp on such a simple matter as what banks do with their deposits are constrained to pray that the House of Representatives, so long as it contains Caraways, may be relieved with great energy and completeness of the labor of applying its mighty intellect to any matters connected with our war against Germany.

Russia's Plight

THE Russian Republic threatens the laurels of the celebrated Mr. Finnegan in its agility in being "on" and "off" between cables, and until the United States Commission finally lands in Petrograd, it is doubtful if any really dependable survey of the situation will reach us.

That a vast amount of encouragement for the new order in Russia can come from this country is not to be questioned. Our course was plainly marked out for us, yet we have delayed until chaos has supplanted the old autocracy, where republicanism, intelligently directed, would have had plain sailing.

Independent bodies in this country have endeavored to do at long range what could easily have been accomplished by the immediate despatch weeks ago of the President's commission. Mr. Charles R. Flint has labored unceasingly in his efforts to have state and municipal governments here extend to the new republic the hand of fellowship. In fact, the activities of the American National Committee for the Encouragement of the Democratic Government of Russia, of which Mr. Flint is a member, antedated the appointment of the Russian Commission some weeks, and has done much to solidify sympathy for the newest of our sister republics.

Mr. Root's appointment as the head of the commission has been frankly disappointing to those who fear his reactionary tendencies, yet we doubt that a man of greater administrative ability could have been chosen for the task of advising the new government during its difficult beginnings. The only American representative actually in

Russia, outside of the Embassy staff, seems to be Mr. Charles R. Crane, a friend of the Czar, to whom, rumor has it, the latter once offered the task of governing Finland. In the light of this, it is doubtful just how acceptable Mr. Crane's offices are to the forces that have overthrown the Romanoff dynasty.

It would seem, if we are to assist the Russian Republic and keep her untold resources on the side of the Allies, that we cannot act too quickly, too decisively, in lending our resources in money and statesmanship at a time when both are sorely needed.

Action And Reaction

THE submarine peril has been and still is real and grave. There is no use hiding from the truth. In order to meet the danger we must realize it fully. No good has ever resulted from under-rating an enemy or lulling caution to sleep with false and unjustified self-assurance. Assuming, therefore, that the appalling figures presented by Germany concerning the destruction of tonnage by U-boats are substantially correct, it must be conceded that of all the instruments of warfare German ingenuity has devised, the submarine has thus far proved most effective.

American mechanical skill and inventiveness will rise to the great task before it. When in the dark days of our Civil War the armored "Merrimac" battered down the weaker wooden vessels of the North, it did not take long before the deadly little "Monitor," called "The Yankee Cheese Box" appeared. It proved more than a match for its Confederate rival. Experiment, ceaseless and untiring, will soon render the U-boat, in its role as terror of the seas, an obsolete bogey. We venture to predict that the next few months will crush the last war hope of Germany. And when that is done, the world, a kind of poor Humpty Dumpty thrown off the wall of Civilization will be doctored up to rise again.

The Dropped Cipher

NEVER before has the importance of the cipher made itself more manifest than in our editorial last week advocating the immediate acceptance of Mr. Roosevelt's offer to lead 250,000 men to France. In some unaccountable manner—blame it on the printer if you will—we were made to say that the Colonel proposed to lead a force of 25,000. That our doughty ex-President should content himself with so meagre an army is, on the face of it, misleading, and we take pleasure in thus publicly multiplying our last week's figures by ten; an increment, by the by, which but ill expresses our hearty approval of the Colonel's plan.

How to Discuss Ibsen

By Alan Dale

THANK goodness for 1917! No longer are we obliged to discuss the *pros* and *cons* of Ibsen. Critics can settle luxuriously (or otherwise) in their comfortable (or otherwise) orchestra chairs, and murmur lethargically: "This is a classic. This is accepted. This has passed muster. Better authorities than we are, have voted it fine, gripping, documental, and all the rest of it. Ours just to wallow, and be joyous." Some years ago, the young critic who was expected to have opinions of his own, felt it to be his duty to argue, and to prattle about Ibsen; to "voice a protest" occasionally; to shed a furtive tear, and—well to earn his so-much-per, by the acrid juices of his poignant pen.

Bernard Shaw once compiled a list of all the injurious adjectives that were critically let loose upon Ibsen, when England hated to utilize his "message." They are rather amusing to read to-day, in the light of our surrender. Thank goodness for 1917, when the precious question can be left to take care of itself, and sleeping dogs may lie! The revival of "Ghosts," perhaps the most lugubrious and pessimistic of all the Ibsen calamities, was unhesitatingly achieved by the Washington Square Players, and there was not a dissenting adjective. It was a "masterpiece"; it was an "unusual pleasure"; it was "epoch-making"; it was a "perfect work of art"; it was "human"; it was "relentless"; and so on *ad lib*.

Nothing is so futile as arguing around the topics that Ibsen makes so peculiarly his own. One grows irritable, and unpleasant, and vicious and pungent, and uncontrolled, and—all for nothing. Nobody cares. It is all a matter of taste, as the old lady said when she kissed her cow. It is so much easier to loll, and lounge, and accept, and remain silent. To-day, that is eminently possible in the case of "Ghosts." You like it, or you don't; you "pay your money, and you take your choice." It is up to you. The very young critic can either be reportorial and amiable, or he can be agreeably complimentary and appreciative. He can fall back upon the always delightful and unanswerable classification of "masterpiece" and he can ring in the luminously lovely qualification of "epoch-making."

And so he does it. Those who do not revel in "Ghosts" and who find it oppressive, and damp, and dank, and disagreeable, and melancholy, are impossibly old-fashioned. Nothing is so vile as to be old-fashioned. There is no remedy for it except demise. The fact

that the present tacit glorification of "Ghosts" will be egregiously old-fashioned a few years hence is forgotten. Personally, I consider it repellently banal. Its lessons are those that most schoolboys acquire long before they reach five years of their majority. Nothing but the "technique" remains for approval, and that, of course, is beyond fear and reproach.

Ibsen's unfortunates never by any chance inherit anything in the least nice or useful. Their progenitors have nothing to leave but taints—a splendid line of durable taints, all wool and a yard wide. And his ladies (I love the word "ladies" in connection with Ibsen) have nothing to do but "live their own lives" and endeavor to sample the *joie de vivre*. However, such plays as "Hedda Gabler," "The Master Builder," "The Pillars of Society," "An Enemy of the People" are singularly convincing dramas. My objection to "Ghosts" is merely due to an ineradicable dislike to the dramatization of a decayed brain. I am almost afraid to say that I did not enthuse over "Damaged Goods." I know that such a confession is horridly provincial (we use the word "provincial" almost as though we owned "provinces") and recalcitrant—but no matter.

Miss Mary Shaw, a woman with a wonderfully keen sense of humor, played the role of *Mrs. Alving*, as artistically and as comprehensively as she played it years ago, when we were not "as gods knowing good and evil." To-day, it might—I say it *might*—be the thing to remark that Miss Shaw was too theatrical. Oh, I should not say it, because I always consider Mary Shaw as an extraordinary actress, but I am sure that it could be said very effectively by those who prefer to discuss the cast rather than the play. To play *Mrs. Alving* to-day, exactly as it was played fifteen years ago, when we were argumentative and vexatious, seems all wrong, but Miss Shaw did it, and there were only a few complaints. Surely there should be some new interpreter of the role. Just imagine falling back upon Mary Shaw, after all these glad years of progress and enlightenment. Isn't it quaint and wonderful? It really looks as though we had neglected to educate the new brew of actresses for such roles as that of *Mrs. Alving*. So careless of us!

The Washington Square Players on the whole gave an excellent performance of "Ghosts," and added to their "prestige"—if they own anything as sordid as that sort of thing. José Ruben contributed a masterly and unforgettable interpretation of poor *Oswald*.

Ruben is an actor of fine method, and splendid "attack," and one of the most interesting features of this theatrical season. The smaller roles of "Ghosts" do not call for any very vivid acting. The really significant point of any Ibsen production is that the acting is always of less account than the play itself. Casts of "unknowns" would be perfectly legitimate.

You needn't mind discussing "Ghosts" at your dinner parties. Of course, you must not profess any sentiment of shock or dislike. That would stamp you at once as "provincial"—the most damaging adjective in the dictionary. Merely murmur "Wonderful!" Or you may exclaim with a semblance of awe: "Oh, what a mind!"

Here is a perfectly gorgeous comment that will invariably make a hit: "Only a great artist could have seen the tragedy from its human side." I can't tell you exactly what that means, but it sounds nice enough to mean a lot, doesn't it? Later on, you can purr dreamily, as you toy with your *sorbet*: "What an unusual pleasure it was." And as you rise from the table, you can turn to your hostess, and remark "It was most satisfying," which she *may* think refers to her dinner.

Of course avoid all allusions to the subject-matter of the play. It is not precisely an *aperitif*, you know. You can always ring in the pet and very tame word "masterpiece," and that presumes that your associates are well acquainted with it. Be careful to be inordinately serious, and do not leap from "The Love of Mike" to "Ghosts." You may specialize if you like on your "profound emotion," and expatiate delicately upon your "exaltation." That sort of thing never does any harm, and it removes you from the ban of provincialism. To appreciate the complete joy of an inherited taint, you *must* be cosmopolitan.

Nobody will argue with you. You will have it all to yourself, and is not that utter delight? You will be voted conversationally admirable, and an acquisition to any dinner table. Even the silly little thing at your side, who can think of nothing better to say than that "Ghosts" is perfectly darling" and so "cute," will respect your well-read restraint.

As It Should Be

THE BUTLER: Is it your will to drive, me lud?

MY LORD: No; 'tis me wont.

Had Him

HE: Isn't dinner ready yet?

SHE: No, dear. I got it according to the time you set the clock when you came in last night, and dinner will be ready in four hours.

Some Nature Fakes

We named our rooster Robinson.
His self-conceit soon grew so
He seemed to think he weighed a ton,
And that's why Robinson crew so.
A Russian peasant had a cow,
A kindly, patient boss cow.
The poor man fed her moss, and now
The creature is a Moscow.

To change his spots the leopard tried.
He put a lot of dye on,
But everyone who saw him cried:
"The leopard is a lyn'."
An ant can no more be a bee
Than boil can be carbuncle,
But to his brother's family
An ant can be an uncle.

Though cereal tales are very well,
To me they're rather flat tales.
The best the corn and wheat can tell
Are nothing to the cat tails.
The frogs caught cold, the entire flock,
From their continued soaking.
They called the horse dock and the
bur-dock,
But still they kept on croaking.

I knew a hen, a worthy hen,
Who tried to hatch out one set
Of storage eggs but, asked again,
Resigned and made her son set.
Of course that really should be "sit,"
But hens care naught for grammar.
If things were all some folks have writ,
The very clams would clamor.

Walter G. Doty.



"The Lord is mah witness, Jedge, I didn't do it."

"Well, if you have no more witnesses, sixty days!"

Colossal

THE SEEDSMAN: I want a few colored illustrations of beets and tomatoes.
THE ARTIST: Life size?

THE SEEDSMAN: No, catalogue size.

Just a Little Unkind

HEWITT: I was mad clear through.

JEWETT: That was a long way for a person as thick as you.



Newly devised method for detecting the presence of enemy aliens

A Touch of Sun

If you are constantly being upset by some human Vesuvius who spouts cinders and lava at the slightest provocation, forgive him. The terror of Naples is also a trifle cracked at the top.

If the high cost of foodstuffs has deprived you of many a choice morsel you might otherwise have had, remember that as a nation we shockingly overeat. Ask the stomach specialists.

If you envy another man's college education, read a sporting guide and become his equal.

The Hour-Glass

ELEANOR: Is that suitor of yours ever going to acquire courage enough to propose?

EDITH: I think not—he's like an hour-glass.

ELEANOR: How's that?

EDITH: Why, the more time he gets, the less sand he has.

Skeptical

"What is a skeptic?"

"A man who always puts paste on the back of a postage-stamp."

As Prices Ascend

"I feel so chilly. Guess my blood's too thin and needs warming up, too. Wonder what I'd better do?"

"Oh, just get about a dollar's worth of coal. You can get it at Sellum's drug store in capsules."



The Pacifist

Old Fashioned

MALONEY, JR.: The teacher told us about breathing oxygen into our lungs and breathing carbonic acid gas out.

MRS. MALONEY: Shure, 'tis all roight for ye young people to learn thim things, but oi've been breathing air both ways too long to change.

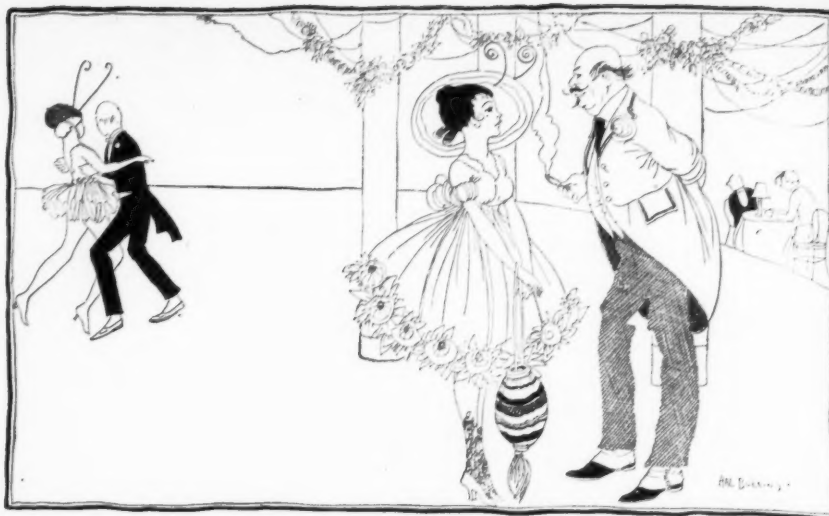
Protection at Last

FERRET: What's the use of putting in a garden? The neighbor's chickens will get it, as usual.

GADILLOH: No, they won't. I'm raising foodstuffs for the nation, by Uncle Sam's orders. So I'm going to have the chickens interned as alien enemies.



Fair Thing: How dare you address me?
Why, I don't know you from Adam!
Johnny: That's funny! I'm dressed differently!



In an Up-to-date Restaurant

"I was the *chef* when we used to serve food, but now I'm the stage manager"

Epitaph for a Fallen Absolute Monarchy
Here: Lies

The Law's Long Arm

A disheveled citizen rushed into a Wichita police station this morning and shouted for vengeance.

"The automobile that hit me was 13033," he sputtered. "I can prove that he was exceeding the speed limit and I want—I want—"

"You want a warrant for his arrest?"

"Warrant nothing! What good would a warrant do me at the rate he was going? I want extradition papers."

Those Cheque-protectors

The literary world has been greatly rejoiced because of a new type of cheque-protector that is enjoying an ever-increasing vogue among publishers. The noteworthy feature of this cheque-protector lies in its use of the word "only" just before the amount of money which the cheque represents. Thus, when John Jones receives a six-dollar cheque which has been protected by this tactful machine, the cheque reads: "Pay to the order of John Jones, ONLY SIX DOLLARS." If John Jones earns his living by his pen, the word "only" in this instance says plainly to him: "The paper situation and other circumstances over which we have no control force us to reward your literary labors with the pitifully inadequate sum of six dollars, which is about one-tenth of the sum that your scintillating article deserves. Pray pardon us for the meagreness of this cheque; and let us both hope that we shall soon be able to repay you more generously." In this way the friendly relations between John Jones and his publisher are more firmly cemented, and the spirit of good will is disseminated with renewed vigor.

Not Eligible

After much deliberation he went to an insurance office and stated that he wanted to take out a life insurance policy.

Among a thousand and one other questions the agent finally asked him: "Do you motor?"

"No."

"Do you cycle?"

"No."

"Do you, then, perhaps, fly?"

"No, no," replied the applicant, laughingly, "I have no dangerous—"

"Sorry, sir," interrupted the agent, curtly, "but we no longer insure pedestrians."



Twice Told Tales

The Day-Drunkard

The sun was riding brightly up the sky
And on the pave the shadows all were
small,
When one bemazed by drinking passed
me by
Lurching and swaying, ever about to
fall.

The cruel light revealed his bleary face,
Sodden and numb, animal-like and
mean,
The filth of evil living and disgrace,
His wretched garb, ill-fitting and un-
clean.

Foulness flowed from him, and the taint
of drink,
Making the air seem close, the sun
less bright:
A monstrous thing, causing the day to
shrink,
Shrieking aloud for cover of the night.
—KENNETH ROBERTS.

One on Mother

AUNT MARY (*horrified*): Good gra-
cious, Harold, what would your mother
say if she saw you smoking cigarettes?

HAROLD (*calmly*): She'd have a fit.
They're her cigarettes.



The Boss: How dare you shake your
fist at me?
Hubby: This, my dear, is a reducing glass!

Independence

"How are you getting on at school,
Harry?"

"Fine. I've got so I can write my
own absence excuses now."



The Subject: Sire, I grieve to announce that your abdication is demanded!
The Kaiser: Vat! Und leaf Gott all alone?

How to Get Good Roads

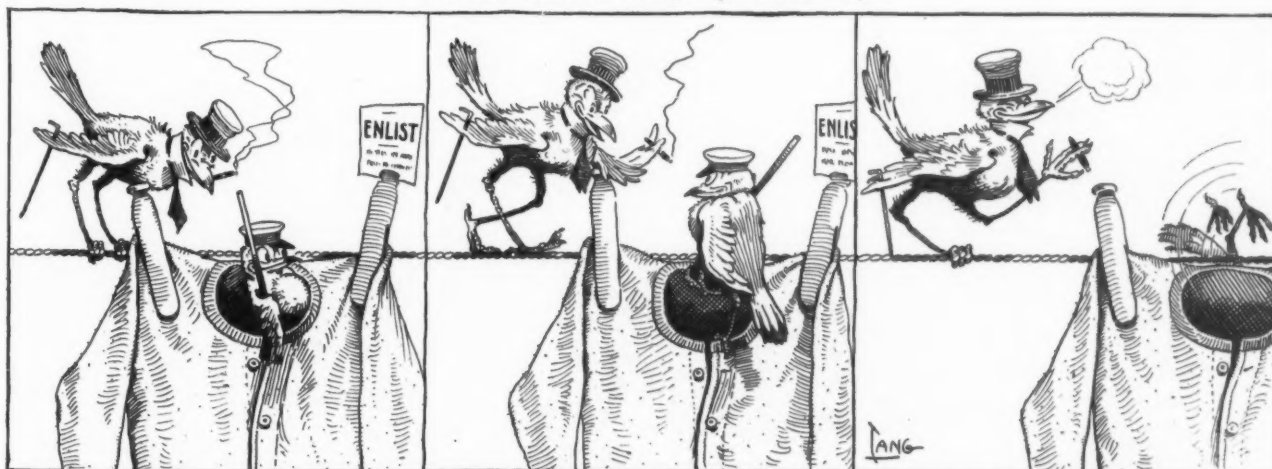
Roads are the connecting-links be-
tween communities. They are links be-
cause they are full of holes. In many
cases the holes are full of mud, and oc-
casionaly they are full of automobiles,
which run into them with much vigor,
and stick in them with even more vigor.

The disinclination of the most solid
and carefully built roads to remain
holeless is blamed by most people on
the large number of automobiles which
encourage the cultivation and growth
of holes. The ancient Romans, never-
theless, were able to build roads which
withstood the joyriding of countless
Roman millionaires in their gold-plated
springless chariots for generations on

end. In some parts of Italy, France
and England, in fact, sections of the or-
iginal Roman roads are still doing busi-
ness in such a satisfactory manner that
the average number of cuss-words to
each mile of roadway is only 3.7, as
compared with the 79.8 cuss-words
which each mile of road in this country
receives on the average.

If the people who spend so much of
their time and money in collecting
Roman statuary and bringing it back
to this country should collect old Ro-
man roads and ship them back to Amer-
ica as models for our road-builders,
they would be liberally thanked by the
entire nation. Here is a grand little
opportunity for patriots.

On the Clothes Line. (Number 70)



"I'd like to enlist

to fight

the army worms!"

Pictorial History of America

Number X

Commodore Uriah P. Levy, U. S. N.

The story of the man who abolished the cat-o-nine-tails in the American Navy and offered his fortune to further the cause of the Civil War

PURSUANT to the plan of PUCK's Pictorial History which seeks to illumine notable figures of American life that too long have been permitted to dwell in obscurity, and to give them that prominence to which their merits entitle them, this sketch is devoted to Commodore Uriah Phillips Levy—a man whose name is little known, whose deeds are forgotten, but to whom every sailor in the United States Navy owes a debt of gratitude beyond computation. How great is that debt can be gathered from this epitaph upon the white marble column rising above the sailor's grave in Cypress Hills Cemetery, near New York City:—

"He was the father of the law for the abolition of the barbarous practice of corporal punishment in the United States Navy."

No longer are recalcitrant "Jackies" lashed to the mast or spread-eagled on the deck while bare backs quiver beneath the whip. Flogging to-day is as dead as the auction block for slaves. To consider it now is only to wonder in horror how it ever could have been tolerated. Yet it was not only tolerated but, like so many institutions, especially of the sea, it was so much a part of the established order of things that the man who attacked it was bitterly assailed in turn. How could discipline be maintained without flogging? cried the little martinets. Cabals and cliques rose up against Levy. But, year after year, he waged his fight against powerful opposition. He drew up a bill which at length Congress adopted. And the whip of the flogger was dropped overboard for all time.

This slight glimpse afforded by the lifting of one corner of the veil of obscurity is not sufficient. One wonders what period he lived in? what else he did? what sort of man he was? And, inquiring further, one finds a life as filled with breath-taking adventures, battles on sea, prison shackles, duels, pirates, blood-letting and deeds of high emprise, as ever was painted in a tale of wildest romance. Yet it is not romance but truth.

Born in Philadelphia, March 22, 1792, Uriah Phillips Levy came of an old Colonial family which had come to the new land more than a century and a quarter before, in 1654. On both sides of the house he was the descendant of patriots, his grandfathers, Benjamin Levy and Jonas Phillips, both having been signers of the Non-Importation Agreement.

His passion was for the sea. Before he was eleven he had become a ship's cabin boy. At fourteen he was apprenticed as a sailor. At sixteen, he had become part owner of the brig, "Five Sisters," aboard which, as first mate, he made five voyages.

He was over-young, it would seem, for such a position of power. Levy at six-

teen was a big, upstanding youngster with a supple body and a determined will. He was born to leadership. He was not a brawler. But in those days a commander aboard ship had to prove his right to rule by the use of his fist and—Levy kept on ruling.

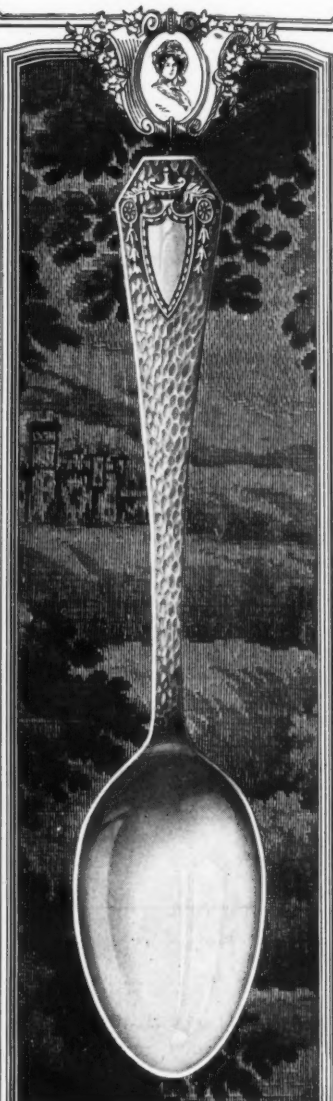
Those were the golden days of piracy, soon to fade but still in their prime. Pirates flaunted up and down the Florida coast and northward, too. They made the Spanish Main a terror to peaceful merchantmen. And, thinking of their wild free life many a crew rebelled at the slower profits of peaceful labor, mutinied against their officers, seized ship and sped away to have a hand in the game and harvest. Of one such outbreak while he was master of the "George Washington," a schooner in which he had a one-third interest, Levy was the victim in 1812. Placing him aboard a little boat while off the Carolina coast, the mutineers set him adrift and sailed away on a career of plunder and lawlessness. But they underestimated the mettle of the man.

Making shore, Levy raised money, outfitted another ship, and set out in pursuit of the mutineers. Here and there down the coast he heard of their depredations. Passing ships gave him news. At length he came up with those he sought. Strong as must have been the temptation, he did not take the law into his own hands and deal them short shrift. Instead, after capturing the mutinous crew in a stiff engagement, he took them to land and handed them over to the authorities by whom every man was convicted and hung.

A man of such caliber quite naturally turned eyes to the naval service. That was a troublous period and the chance for active warfare in behalf of his country was big. Being the right sort of man, although he was only twenty, Levy at once obtained a commission as sailing master. October 23, 1812, he was assigned to the "Alert" and later

1847—Seventy Year Plate—1917

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The boy is really more important than the wall! Ever think of that?

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But how about the boy—is his building material being considered?

A true Brain and Body food is

Grape-Nuts

It possesses those vital elements required by Nature for building up strong young bodies and active brains.

"There's a Reason"

Pictorial History of America

(Continued from page 16)

transferred to the brig o' war, "Argus." The war with England having then broken forth, the "Argus" set out for France on a prize-cutting expedition.

Several prizes being taken on the way, prize crews were put aboard and Levy went in command of one. As he was making for a friendly port, a British man-o'-war came up, captured his unarmed vessel and took Levy captive. He and his crew were taken to England. He spent the next sixteen months in Dartmoor prison.

At the expiration of that time, returning to the United States Levy was given the biggest post he had held to date, that of sailing master of the "Franklin," a 76-gun ship of the line. It was some twelve months later, in March, 1817, that he became a lieutenant.

Rising from the ranks, Levy found his position difficult among other naval officers who did not countenance such backdoor entry to their select ranks. In addition, it must be recalled that in that day the prejudice against the Jew was pronounced. And Levy was a Jew. In consequence of these two prejudices militating against him, he found himself continually in hot water.

Nevertheless, his worth was recognized and he rose to the rank of captain. Thereupon the malicious tactics of the envious became more pronounced than ever.

Little he cared, however, as he went his calm way, doing his work well, making his unceasing fight for the abolition of flogging, and, above all, putting in practice aboard ship—where a commander is the supreme authority—those precepts of equal and fair dealing toward underlings which so endeared him to the common sailor while, at the same time, stirring up against him even keener enmity among the group of martinets who believed that officers were superior beings and common sailors were their slaves.

Putting into a French port one day, Captain Levy was invited to a banquet. But his hosts for once displayed a lack of that courtesy for which the French

are noted. It was during President Jackson's administration, and ill-feeling toward the President was high in France just then. Rising to toast his President, Captain Levy was hissed.

Slowly the face of the American naval officer reddened, as he stood with glass uplifted and the hisses went round the board. Then he acted with characteristic promptitude. Reaching out with open palm, he resoundingly slapped the face of the nearest civilian. And the undrained glass he hurled into the face of a French officer opposite.

Immediately the room was in an up-

lieutenant who had been in command made ample apologies. But learning the name of the American commander, the French officer shrugged his shoulders and sneered.

"What else could one expect of a vessel commanded by a Jew?" he said.

Captain Levy was told of the insult. Leaping into his gig, with a file of marines, Captain Levy boarded the French vessel and when he departed he bore with him the apology of the French commander.

Although those duels in the French port were never fought, Captain Levy, later, drew his sword, and with disastrous results. It was back in the United States that, worn to a thin edge by the sneers of the envious and the innuendos of the Jew-hater his patience gave way and he challenged one of his detractors. In the duel that followed Captain Levy killed his man.

Then a storm arose among the Navy men. His detractors were aroused and bent on mischief. Not unnaturally, for they merely reflected the temper of the times toward the Jew, and found support among the public. Newspapers took up the matter. Narrow men in pulpits thundered against the Jew. In its way it was another and earlier Dreyfus case. In the end, Levy was court-martialed and dropped from the list as captain.

Embittered as he must have been, he did not turn against his country, nor did he lose that love for democracy which made Thomas Jefferson his hero, and which he bore with him all through life. Going to Brazil on a business trip, he was summoned before the Emperor Dom

Pedro who had heard of him and who offered him a commission. In his straightforward way, Captain Levy declined the offer. And his answer was of the sort seldom heard by royal ears.

"The humblest position in my country's service," he said, "is more to be preferred than royal favor."

At length, in 1855, he was accorded what he had fought for so long and hard, a court of inquiry to review the circumstances of his court-martial. His defense became famous in the annals of the Navy. It was merely a statement of his record. It not only brought about his complete exoneration of wrong in the duel, and his restoration to the commis-

(Continued on page 20)



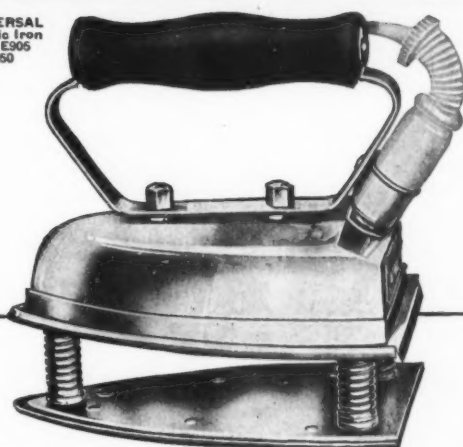
Captain Uriah P. Levy exhibiting the cat-o'-nine-tails and describing its use to a group of statesmen in Washington. The abolition of corporal punishment in the U. S. Navy was largely due to his efforts

roar as men rose shouting to their feet and chairs fell backward with a clatter. While the stunned civilian felt of his smarting face, and the infuriated French officer pressed a napkin to his bleeding cheek where the shattered glass had cut him, Captain Levy threw down his card and challenged both to the duel. Then he stalked from the room. Later, the civilian declined to fight and the officer apologized.

One other brush he had with the French and again came off victorious. While crossing the English Channel his vessel, the "Vandalia," collided with a French man-o'-war. Captain Levy was in his cabin and it was an accident for which he was in no wise responsible. His



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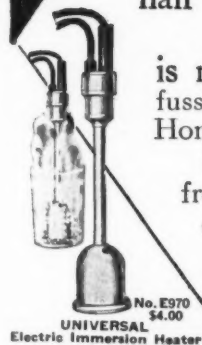
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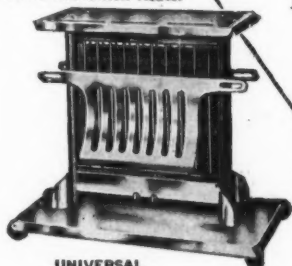
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Pictorial History of America

(Continued from page 18)

sioned ranks of the Navy, but it brought him also a rise in grade. Instead of returning as captain he went back as commodore.

As has been noted, Commodore Levy was an ardent admirer of Thomas Jefferson. It was this which prompted him to buy in Monticello, the home of that great Democrat, and keep it up as a monument to which the Nation may journey. It is still in the hands of the family, being the property of the Commodore's nephew, Jefferson M. Levy.

At length the clouds of civil war which for years had been lowering broke in fury. And then, as to-day, the need was for money. Commodore Levy, who was then flag officer, the highest rank in our Navy at that time, for years had had his inheritance at work and had built up a comfortable private fortune. One day he walked into President Lincoln's office and placed the entire sum at the Nation's disposal. It was \$3,000,000 which he offered his country. The offer was declined but the Commodore showed his patriotism by subscribing liberally to the war loan.

He wanted to fight, too, to venture forth once more in active command and in his country's service. But the indomitable spirit was not equal to the task of holding up a failing body. His health began to break rapidly, and, on March 22, 1862, having lived his three score and ten years and crowded into them a wealth of service to the Nation and the Navy which he adorned, he died at his residence in New York City.

Another Horror

Owing to the raw material being required for war purposes, there is a famine in gramophone needles. Another proof that this war is upsetting all records.—*Passing Show.*

Try This

MRS. CRAWFORD: Haven't you ever discovered a way to get money out of your husband?

MRS. CRABSHAW: Oh, yes. All I have to do is to threaten to go home to mother and without a word he hands over the railway-fare.—*The Lamb.*

Sweet Nothings

FIRST LADY (an old resident, gushingly): Ah, Mrs. Robinson, I am so ashamed of myself for not having been to call upon you. Do forgive me and consider this as my call, won't you?

MRS. ROBINSON (a newcomer, sweetly): Oh, certainly; and you will consider it as my return call, too, won't you?—*Punch.*



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Write
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Royal
Blue
Book
free



Wife—Frederick, I've sighted a submarine—start rowing zig-zag quick!

An Explicable Disparity

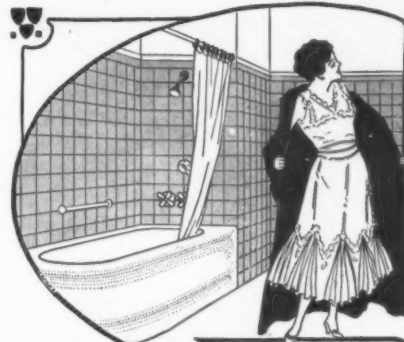
At a meeting in New York the other day, Mr. Stewart Paton, a lecturer on neuro-biology at Princeton, deplored the condition that made it possible for universities to pay athletic coaches "more than double the recompense of any member of the faculty."

Perhaps the disparity is excessive, but some such disparity will undoubtedly persist in spite of the efforts of jealous professors to correct it. Mr. Paton must remember that athletic coaches must "deliver the goods." If they don't deliver the goods, it is "good night," and a long farewell. A college professor, on the other hand, can go along for years delivering nothing of value and still draw his salary, such as it is. Usually there is no way to tell whether college professors are delivering the goods or not. We never expect, for instance, to see the neuro-biologist class of Princeton lined up against the neuro-biologist class of Yale in a mighty struggle for supremacy while thousands of admirers from both colleges hold their breath and applaud. But even if it were possible for lecturers in neuro-biology to demonstrate their value in this spectacular way, still it is doubtful if they would be paid so generously as athletic coaches simply because we probably would not think it quite so desirable for a young man to be neuro-biologized as to be athleticized.

Yet it is possible withal to appreciate the doctor's position and hope that the wheel of time will inject more equity into the situation.

Why Worry?

Another home problem is solved by a firm of cleaners in Grinnell, Iowa, which advertises: "Notice—ladies—why worry about your dirty kids when we clean them for fifteen cents?"—*Chicago Tribune*.



"Standard" Pembroke Built-In Baths

THESE are standard baths in a goodly proportion of the homes, apartment buildings, etc., that are being built in America today. They are up-to-the-minute in design, the last word in carrying out the modern, built-in sanitary idea.

Being only 17½ inches high, the "Pembroke" is convenient. It builds into walls and floor—a beautiful, enameled-all-over, one-piece bath.

Talk to your plumber about

"Standard" Plumbing Fixtures

for Bath, Kitchen or Laundry. Insist that every fixture be "Standard". Look for the Green and Gold label. And be sure to write for booklet, "Standard Plumbing Fixtures for the Home," also new Sink booklet.

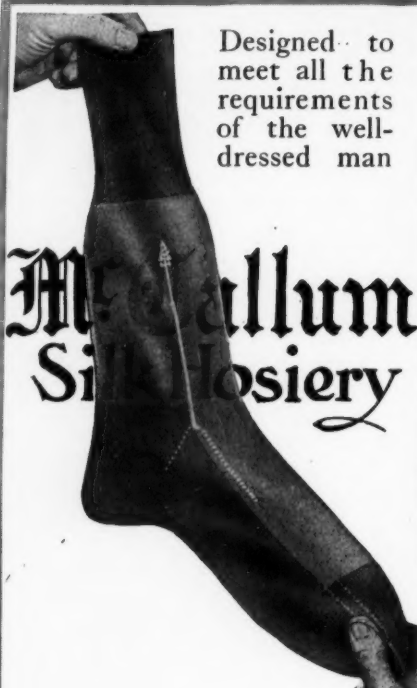
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CLEVELAND	4409 EUCLID
CINCINNATI	653 WALNUT
TOLEDO	311-321 ERIE
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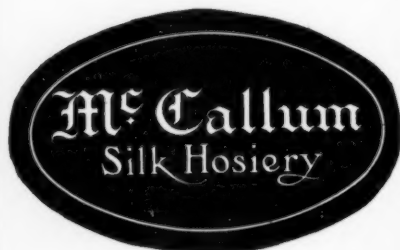


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MASSACHUSETTS



Concerning Letters

Letters are one-sided conversations put into such form that they can be introduced as evidence in lawsuits, and utilized by handwriting experts as excuses for fighting with each other and drawing large salaries. Letters are divided into three great classes: love letters, business letters and gossip letters. The business letter tends to make money, while the love letter and the gossip letter tend to make trouble. All sorts of letters travel through the mails for two cents an ounce, and are transported in men's pockets for nothing a pound. It seems unfair that a letter which will ultimately disrupt a home, break several people's hearts, cost a state or a county thousands of dollars in trials, and cause the use of hundreds of columns of valuable newspaper space, should travel for the same amount of money as a letter which orders a fifty-cent shirt or asks a voter to vote for John Jones because he is willing to pry the lid from the pork barrel. There is no way of rectifying this unfairness, however, except by having censors to open and read all letters which are mailed. After reading love letters for a while, the censors would have to throw up their jobs and take lodgings in insane asylums, thus causing the state and the county as much money as lawsuits. It is therefore probable that all letters will continue to travel at the same fixed rates, unfair though the system may be.

—K. L. Roberts.

Brither Scots

DONALD (*after the reconciliation*): Aweel, Jock, I wish ye a' that you wish me!

JOCK: There ye gang—raking up the quarrel a' over again.—*The Sketch*.

Puck

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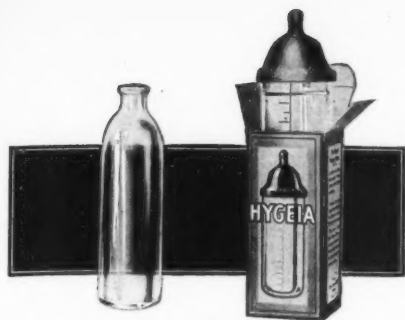
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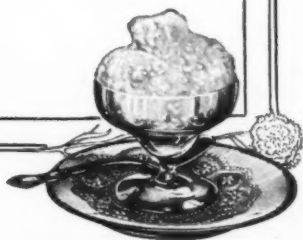
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*Less needed—
truer flavor—
always the same*

**Burnett's
VANILLA**

Joseph Burnett Co
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



Guilty as Charged

THE MAGISTRATE (*to the diminutive prisoner*): There is no use your denying that you struck the policeman and that you were drunk.

THE PRISONER (*looking at the big policeman*): Is this the policeman I struck, your worship?

THE MAGISTRATE: Yes.

THE PRISONER: Then I must have been drunk!—*The Sketch.*

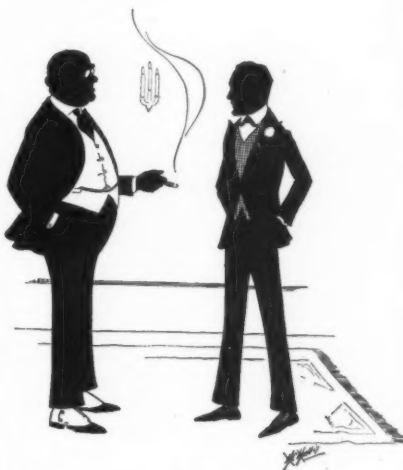
The Dispensary

M. O.: What's the matter with you, my man?

PRIVATE: Valvular disease of the heart, sir.

M. O.: My word! How did you get that?

PRIVATE: Last medical board give it me, sir.—*Punch.*



"Do you spend all your salary?"

"Oh no, only two thirds."

"The other third I suppose you put in the bank?"

"No, I give that to my wife to run the house!"

The War Wedding

WAR BRIDE (*who has eloped*): Oh, Jack! Here's a telegram from papa.

BRIDEGROOM (*eagerly*): What does he say?

WAR BRIDE: Do not come home and all will be well!—*London Opinion.*

Anxious

CREWE: Good heavens, how it rains! I feel awfully anxious about my wife. She's gone out without an umbrella.

DREW: Oh, she'll be all right. She'll take shelter in some shop.

CREWE: Exactly. That's what makes me so anxious.—*Tit-Bits.*

The Great Strafe

LIZZIE SMITH: Wot did you sye, Sal?

SAL: I didn't arf tell 'er orf; I called her all the faces I could lay me 'ands on!—*The Tatler.*



The smooth, clean-cut
lines afforded by

"Harvard Mills"
(hand-finished)
Underwear

means added smartness to a woman's appearance. Each garment is cut to conform to the curves of the body—every seam is the "flat-lock" single thickness seam, and hand-finishing is a dainty touch that distinguishes "Harvard Mills" from ordinary underwear. Extra fullness across the chest is another reason why women prefer "Harvard Mills."

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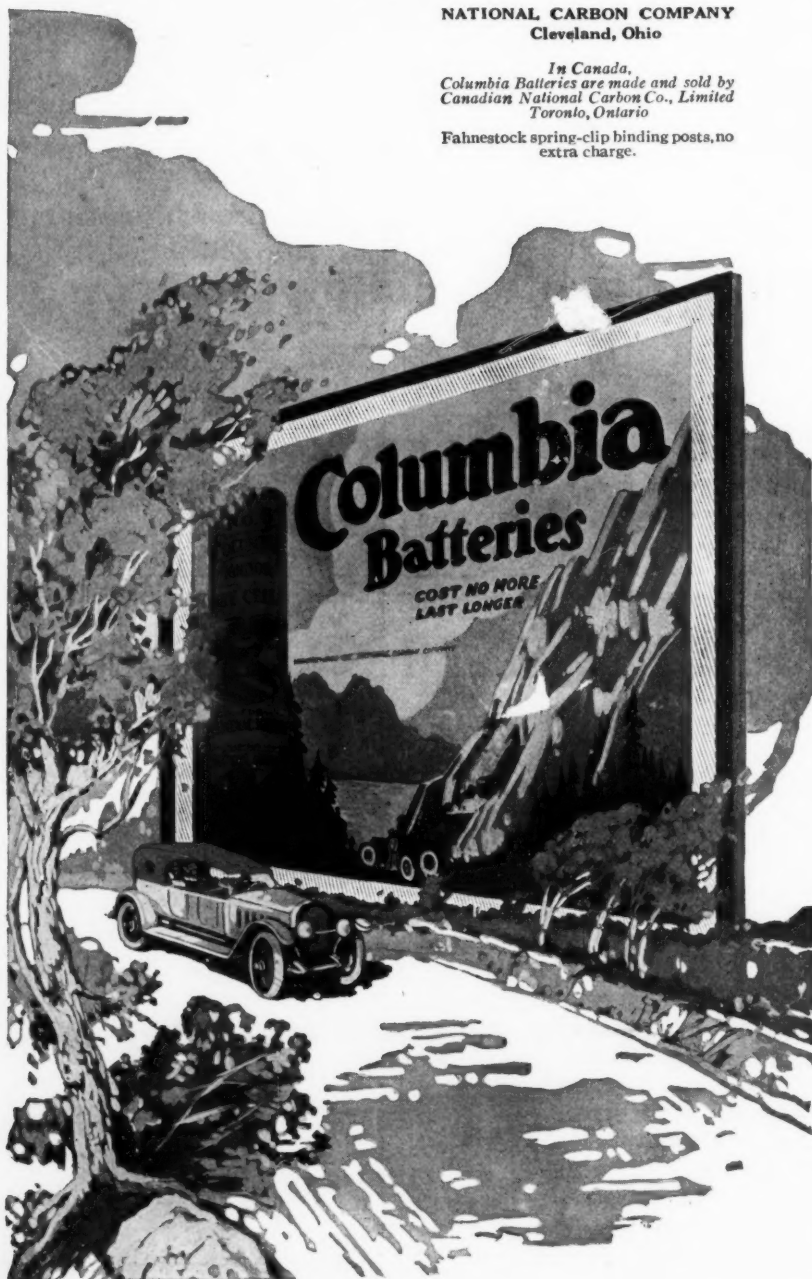
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The fresher the battery, the longer it lives in service. Columbias are high-powered to begin with—and they reach you fresh from the makers' hands. The biggest selling battery is the longest-lived battery!

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Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited
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Fahnestock spring-clip binding posts, no
extra charge.



Peace at any price!

The Pinch of War

LADY OF THE HOUSE (*War Profiteer's Wife forlornly*): They've just taken our third footman; and if any more of our men have to go we shall close the house and live at the Ritz until the war is over—(*brightly*) however, we must all sacrifice something.—*Punch*.

One to Jock

IRATE PASSENGER (*who sees his trunk on the platform as the train moves out*): Why didn't you put my luggage in, you blithering old ass?

PORTER: There's mair sense in yer trunk than there is in yer heid, mon. It's you that's in the wrang train!

—*The Sketch*.

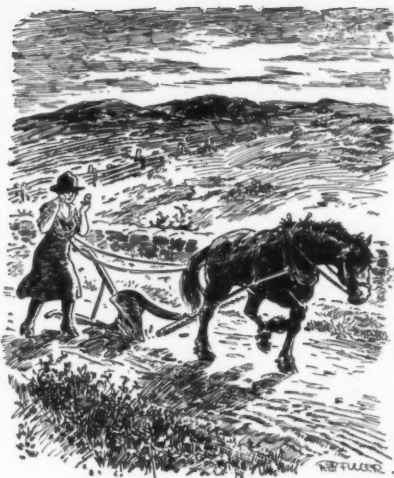
An Impulsive Child!

"James Phillips, 16, was charged with doing damage to the extent of £4 10s. at a refreshment shop in Hackney belonging to Peter Persico. As he was kept waiting a little time he broke a plate on the table; then he put a saucer under his heel and broke it. When remonstrated with he broke 16 cups and saucers by throwing them at partitions and enamelled decorations and overturned a marble table, the top of which he smashed."—*The London Times*.

Thoughtful Economy

THE MOTHER (*overhauling little Tommy's wardrobe*): Oh, Charles, just see what that dreadful child has been carrying about in his pocket! A real cartridge with a bullet in it. He might have been blown to bits!

THE FATHER (*with a glowing consciousness of assisting his country at a critical time*): Just put it in a cool place for to-night, my dear, and I will leave it at the War Office on my way to business.—*Punch*.



The ploughwoman homeward plods her weary way.

A Cruel Husband

My wife was greatly disappointed because of the rain. Her bridge club meeting had been postponed. Usually she blames everything on me that displeases her. I am so used to the volley that I always expect it when anything unpleasant occurs. To-day, however, I felt that I should escape. Rain is something that is governed by other powers than man's. My wife, I felt, would appreciate this fact and mentally exonerate me.

She was gazing with a straight, stony expression out of the bay window at the deluge.

I ventured a consoling remark. "Too bad it's raining!" I said.

My wife turned on me slowly and fixed a calm, icy glare upon my features. For one single moment she held me thus, then she spoke.

"You predicted rain!" she hissed in grim condemnation, and swept from the room.

A Rising Man

None more commercially candid than a Japanese baker, who advertises: "Biggest loafer in Tokyo."—*Chicago Tribune*.

The Bankrupt Bravos

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY: It's time we got some more money out of William. He seems to think he's doing all the frightfulness. He forgets that I'm known as the "Terrible Turk."

FERDINAND OF BULGARIA: Yes; and they call me "Ferdie the Fearful."

—Punch.



"See Yourself as I see You!"

In nature's mirror you see your skin so clear and smooth, blemish-free, —unmarred by **SUNBURN** or **wind-roughening**. But I see more than this; its delicate texture, the glow of health beneath, bringing out its fresh tint and living charm. You know that

Hinds Cream

Honey and Almond

saves and restores the complexion.—It cools, soothes and heals sunburned skin. While you may be using Hinds Cream Soap that is so cleansing and refreshing, I am sure you've not tried HINDS CRE-MIS TALCUM POWDER, of silky fineness and exquisite fragrance—the perfection of talcs.

Samples: Be sure to enclose stamps 2c for samples of Cream, 5c for trial cake of Soap, 2c for miniature can of Talc Powder.

Selling everywhere, or mailed postpaid from Laboratory

Hinds Cream, Bottles, 50c. Tubes, 25c.
Jars, 50c. Soap, 5c, 10c, 25c. Talc, 25c.

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We Set the Pace

Dr. William L. Johnson, over thirty years ago, gave the world crackers made from entire wheat flour and meals containing all the food value of the grains, and called them **EDUCATORS**.

The Country Follows

Economic conditions have now spurred other millers to adopt the Educator idea, according to the following Washington dispatch:—"THE BIG MILLING INTERESTS OF THE COUNTRY HAVE AGREED TO AID IN SAVING FOODSTUFFS BY MILLING ONLY WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR."

Educator Crackers

are made from a variety of cereals, including Educator Entire Wheat Flour and Meals—Wafers, Water Crackers, Plain Grahams, Sweet Grahams, Grahamettes, Animals, Oatmeal, Golden Maize, Bran Cookies and Triumphs. Give your family the best there is in crackers—**EDUCATORS**. Sold in tins, packages and by the pound at your grocers. Send for booklet.

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At the gateway of the White Mountains. The Ideal Tour Hotel at Lake Sunapee. Fine golf course, saddle horses, tennis, boating, canoeing, bathing, fishing for salmon, trout and bass as good, if not the best, in New England. Dancing afternoon and evening. Fine motoring, etc. Furnished cottages to rent. Accommodates 300 guests. Write for circular. Address W. W. Brown, Granliden Hotel, Lake Sunapee, N.H. Mr. Brown may be seen personally at Hotel Manhattan, 42nd Street, New York City, from May 20th to June 6th. After that date, Granliden Hotel, Lake Sunapee, N.H.

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"The NIGHTwear of a Nation"

SINCE
1881

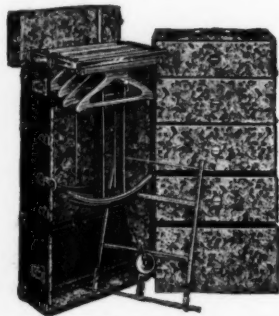
Faultless
Pajamas & Night Shirts

give maximum comfort and value



New— an open top Likly Wardrobe

*A trunk that waits on
itself as well as you*



A NEARBY dealer now asks to show you this new Likly Wardrobe. It has the toughest constitution ever built into an open-top trunk. Dreadnaught reinforcing, minus weight or clumsiness. Braced to defy the huskiest, bustiest Baggage Man alive. Skyscraper rigidity.

And talk about room! Why, 18 to 20 gowns, or ten to twelve men's suits just dote on traveling in this wrinkle-proof wardrobe. With top up every garment is at your finger's ends.

The cast-bronze lock is of the paracentric tumbler type. Exclusive. STRONG. Locks itself as you close it.

More—locks all five drawers in position. Locks the whole trunk into a unit of defiance to hard knocks. No catches to chip chips off your fingernails. No dowels. Lock opens automatically at a touch of the key.

The 5 roomy drawers are staunchly made. Removable hat fixtures. The foundation box of the trunk is of strongest basswood. Trunk and drawers are split-proof, warp-proof, crack-proof.

Trunk is covered and lined with vulcanized fibre. Bound with walnut fibre. Most attractively lined.

Prices of Likly Open-Top Wardrobe Trunks rang, from \$45.00 to \$100.00.

Or the dealer will show you a wide range of Likly Closed-Top Models at from \$25.00 to \$45.00.

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"LIKLY" LUGGAGE

Asks no favors of the baggage man

Vers Libre

For months men who stagger about under the weight of their intelligence have been trying to frame up a good, epigrammatic definition of *vers libre*, or free verse as it is called in the common vernacular. Here is one in five words. *Vers libre* is skimmed poetry.

There once lived in romantic Bohemia, the dwelling place of poor, but promising artists, struggling authors, and hucksters who earn money, a lean dark-visaged man with flowing hair, and large, prophetic eyes.

Daily, ere the stars were dead, he listened for the prosy rumbling of a wagon on the pavement below; and soon after he would sneak downstairs to scavenge a bottle of milk before his more commonplace and commercial neighbors had arisen.

One morning as he sat guzzling the bluish-white liquid, an idea struck him. The idea was produced, the experts declare, by what is known in psychology as the Association of Ideas.

If there was free milk why should there not be free verse?

Poetry, he knew, consisted of beautiful thoughts clothed in exquisite words, and done to rhythm and rhyme. Now, if it were skimmed of these, just as the milk he now drank was skimmed of cream, the public would have just what it wanted.

Gradually it had dawned on him that verses by rule and measure were long since *passé*. What better proof could there be than the fact that during the past month the mail had brought but one check, and that for the ignominious sum of \$3.50? A rural weekly, anxious to complete a column headed "Death Notices," had accepted one of his poems.

With feverish fingers he seized a pen. For a time it scratched and spluttered across the unoffending paper. Finally the Reactionary, the new Prophet soon to behold the literary world at his feet; the Iconoclast who would send the statues of Shakespeare and Byron and Longfellow crumbling to the dust, paused. And gazing at his work, he saw that it was good.

The first mail bore it on its way. A special delivery postman brought the answer; a fat check and supplications for more of the same stuff.

The man of the hour paid his three months' room rent, and repaired immediately to a restaurant.

He also hired two typists to cope with the demand.

The following week he complacently opened the most popular magazine of the day and saw the offspring of his genius living in type. He read:

The Cat

A black cat sits on the back fence,
A black cat with
Black eyes.
A bootjack strikes the cat
and she falls . . .
Alas!
So do I. . . .

We reproduce the beauty
of the Orient in a fabric
of enduring worth, which
permits its price to express
its value. There is just
as much painstaking pride
and just as much conscientious effort woven into every

WHITTALL RUG

as ever graced the choicest and most expensive fabric from the far east.

Look for this trademark



Write for the illustrated book
"Oriental Art in Whittall Rugs".

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THE DIETRICH GRUEN

A thin model watch pronounced by jewelers and horological experts to be

The World's Finest Pocket Timepiece

Planned by Dietrich Gruen himself as his last work, and carried to completion by his sons and associates, this watch sets a new standard in watch construction and finish, and is in every respect worthy of the name of this Master of Watch Craftsmanship.

Price \$300-

with winding indicator as illustrated. With minute repeater, \$465; with minute repeater and split second, \$650.

Selected by the boards of directors of several of the larger railroads, banks and corporations as the Presentation Watch for their Presidents.

Obtainable only through one of the 1200 Gruen jeweler agencies—the best in every locality—to whom the sale of Gruen Watches is confined. Look for the Gruen Agency sign.



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"Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1874"
Dept. F1 "Time Hill," Cincinnati, Ohio. Factories:
Cincinnati, and Madre-Biel, Switzerland
Canadian Branch, Toronto, Ontario

Misdirected Energy

A BALTIMORE young woman has announced that until the Kaiser cries quits she is going to play "The Star Spangled Banner" on the cornet each evening in front of her home. We assume that the young woman has an idea that by so doing, she is raising hob with the Kaiser and helping her own country tremendously. Actually, the young woman is only wasting her energy and giving the neighbors a pain in the neck or thereabouts. In fact, there is grave danger that some of the neighbors may be so wearied by her activities that their sympathies will swing from the cause which the young woman thinks she represents to the cause which is represented by the Kaiser. A lot of energy has been and will be created in this war, and the nation has need of all of it. It behooves the government to appoint a board to see that people who have anti-Kaiserish energy to expend aren't allowed to expend it in such a manner as to make only an irritating noise.

All the Difference in the World

The following story is told regarding Mr. J. O. Francis, the author of "Change," who is a Tommy in the Engineers. He rang up a certain Welsh officer at the War Office one day and inquired, "Would he speak to a common sapper?" "Oh, certainly," came the reply, "who are you?" Upon Mr. Francis stating who he was, a very disappointed voice came over the telephone, "Oh, I thought you said flapper."—*The Tatler*.

Tar-Heel Philosophy

Tragic, but true, that even in the milk of human kindness there is very often the wild onion of selfishness.

There is no blight in which some blessing is not intertwined. For instance, a wooden-legged man does not have to have but one shoe these times.—*Charlotte News*.

His Share

OFFICER (to private): What are you doing down that shell-hole? Didn't you hear me say we were out against four to one?

GEORGIE (a trade-unionist): Ay. Aa heard you; but aa've killed ma fower.—*Punch*.

Once Over—

FLORA: All her clothes are made over in Paris!

DORA: Yes, made-over, I am sure!—*Town Topics*.

More War Economy

"Perambulator, cheap, for cash, as new; cost £6, 15s., receipt shown; owner getting rid of baby."

—*Birmingham Daily Mail*.



A Liquid, NOT a Cream

Saves Hair!

60,000 barbers (using Pompeian HAIR Massage) are daily showing hundreds of thousands of men how to lose their Dandruff, and thereby save their hair.

In a short time, Pompeian HAIR Massage has gone a long way toward success, all over the country.

One day it's a Connecticut man who writes us; then an Oregon man; then a Michigan man—almost boyishly enthusiastic about Pompeian HAIR Massage removing their unsightly and dangerous Dandruff.

Pompeian HAIR Massage is a liquid, not a cream. Not sticky. Not oily. Not over-perfumed, but just as delightful to use as it is effective.

At the better barber shops in nearly every city and town. When you see a Pompeian HAIR Massage sign it means that shop is anxious to give its customers quality products.

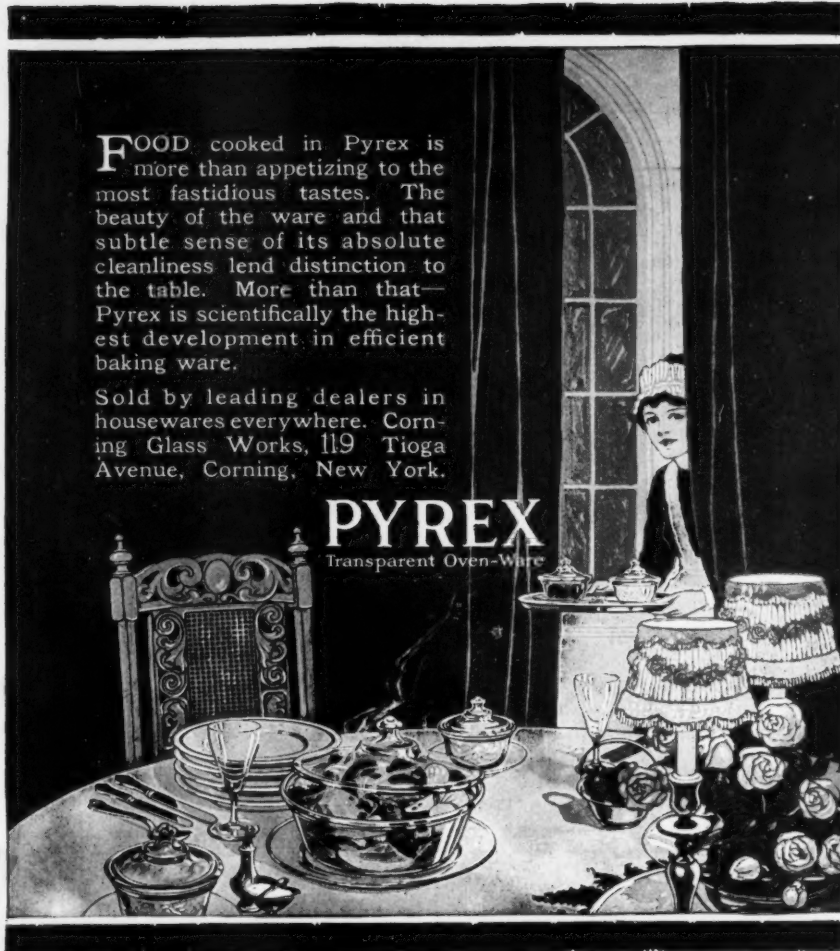
Pompeian HAIR Massage is made by the makers of the reliable Pompeian MASSAGE Cream and Pompeian NIGHT Cream.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co. - Cleveland, Ohio

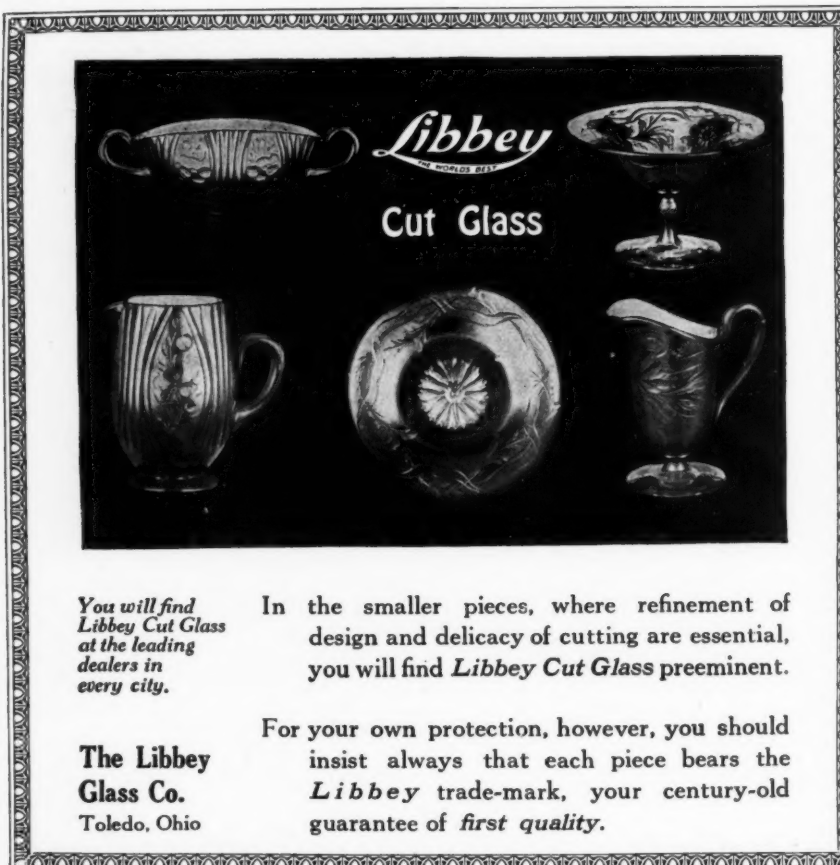
FOOD cooked in Pyrex is more than appetizing to the most fastidious tastes. The beauty of the ware and that subtle sense of its absolute cleanliness lend distinction to the table. More than that—Pyrex is scientifically the highest development in efficient baking ware.

Sold by leading dealers in housewares everywhere. Corning Glass Works, 119 Tioga Avenue, Corning, New York.

PYREX
Transparent Oven-Ware



Libbey
Cut Glass



You will find Libbey Cut Glass at the leading dealers in every city.

In the smaller pieces, where refinement of design and delicacy of cutting are essential, you will find *Libbey Cut Glass* preeminent.

For your own protection, however, you should insist always that each piece bears the *Libbey* trade-mark, your century-old guarantee of *first quality*.

The Libbey Glass Co.
Toledo, Ohio

Cuffed on the Campus

Heard in Bible Class

TEACHER: Which one of the Parables do you like the best?

PUPIL: The one where somebody loaves and fishes.—*Yale Record*.

"Why is Ray in the hospital?"

"He took a corner on two wheels."

"What of it?"

"One of 'em was the steering wheel, old top."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

"Girls like to dress just to see how much they can put on."

"Or is it to see how much they can show off?"—*Chaparral*.

1ST FROSH: Jack has got an awful cold seat in chapel.

2D FROSH: How's that?

1ST FROSH: He sits in Z row.—*Squib*.

FOND MOTHER: What's the matter, Eva?

LITTLE EVA: I've heard of "Good Friday," and "Ash Wednesday," but what on earth is "Nut Sunday"?—*Yale Record*.

Haig Pours Scotch Into Heinz

—*War News*.

And Heinz was pickled again.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

"Say, Alabama is a dry State, isn't it?"

"Sure."

"Why, my dear, when I was there, I saw several negroes who were intoxicated."

"Well, of course they can't stop the sale of that awful cotton gin entirely."—*Widow*.

He met her in the darkened hall,

He said: "I've brought you roses!"

She irrelevantly replied:

"Oh, how cold your nose is."

—*Yale Record*.

FLORA: Why is it that you never laugh at my jokes?

BELLA: My dear, I always respect old age.—*Minnesota Minnehaha*.

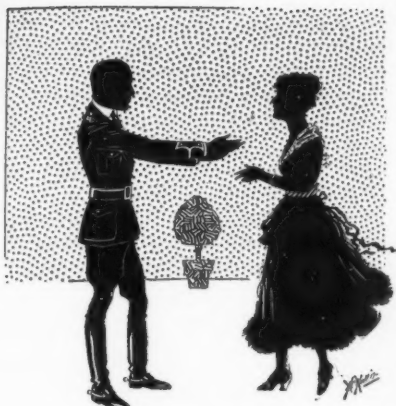
INNOCENT SCHOOLGIRL: Do you think a girl ought to learn to love before twenty?

YALE "NECKER": No. Too large an audience.—*Yale Record*.

Diplomacy

THE EMPLOYER (to applicant for appointment): Are you truthful?

THE APPLICANT: Yes, sir. But I ain't so truthful as to spoil your business.—*The Sketch*.



A call to arms!

A Modern Friendship

"MYRTLE, don't you think your behaviour with that young man is a trifle familiar?"

"Why, what do you mean, Mother?"

"Of course, I don't want to criticize you unjustly, Myrtle; but I don't recall seeing the young man before today. Yet I have seen him squeeze your arm four times in the last five minutes; and when he speaks to you, his face is so close to yours that if he should receive a sudden shock, I fear greatly that he might bite off your nose or your ear."

"But, Mother . . ."

"What is more, Myrtle, I noticed that when you lit your cigarette from his, you did not require him to take his cigarette from his lips; and unless I am greatly mistaken, he allowed you to pay the cheque for the two last rounds of drinks which you had. Then, too, when you dance with him, you remind me of a flag flapping around a flagpole. I consider it highly indelicate, to say the least."

"Mother I must protest against such unjust criticism of my intimate friends. The gentleman in question is Mr. Cecil Flutter. I met him at a tea-dance last Tuesday—and here it is Friday. We have danced together repeatedly. If such an ancient friendship doesn't warrant a little familiarity, I don't know what does!"

"Forgive me, Myrtle! You are quite right. When I spoke, I little dreamed that the gentleman in question was a dancing acquaintance of such long standing. Now that I know who he is, I shall not dream of protesting even though I see you giving him all your jewelry and all the family silver. Kiss me, Myrtle."

(Sounds of osculation.)

Her Own Censor

OLD LADY (buying records to send to France—to assistant in Gramophone Department): If that one is the song called, "There's a Ship That's Bound for Blighty," I'll take it. But first will you let me know if it contains any information which could be of advantage to the enemy?—Punch.

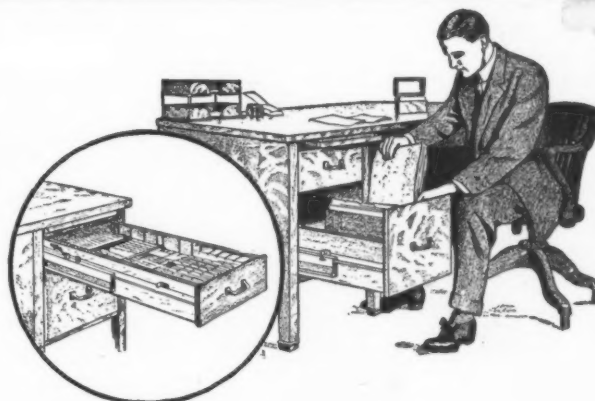
True, you will not see Quakers on every car. But the machines equipped with Quaker Tires will probably be those of motorists who have owned cars for five or more years and have definite ideas about what to expect from tires.

Whether you are enjoying your first car or are a "veteran," likely, you have had enough experience to know that it is not so much what the maker says about a tire as what the tire does on your car that counts.

The nearest Quaker dealer will tell you what these tires are doing on your kind of roads. Try one Quaker.

QUAKER CITY RUBBER COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO PITTSBURGH NEW YORK
FACTORIES 182 W. Lake St. 211 Wood Street 53 Murray St.

A Cabinet with this capacity would cost more than this desk and cabinet.



"Y and E" Efficiency DESK

Here is a new idea—a filing cabinet and desk combined, at the price of a desk alone—gives efficiency and saves unnecessary steps by keeping all active records and papers at the finger-tips. Also saves the cost of a filing cabinet of equivalent capacity. Comes equipped if desired with a complete set of vertical and card systems specially designed for the user. 50 models offered. "Frictionless" drawer slides. Ask us for our folder No. 2622.

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406 ST. PAUL ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Makers of "Y and E" Filing Devices and Office Systems.

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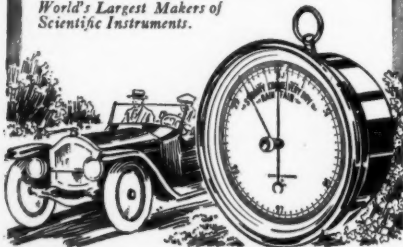
A cloudy morning may not mean a rainy day but it can keep you at home and cheat you of pleasure! Get a

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and you'll be able to laugh at cloudy skies. A Tycos House Barometer will tell you if those clouds are a "false alarm" and save you dozens of days of pleasure every season and every year. Accurate, reliable and costs only \$10, in handsome 5-inch lacquered brass case with plainly marked dial of porcelain. Obtainable at better class instrument dealers and also from opticians everywhere. If by chance you should not get it send us \$10 and we will ship you one at once. Our "Barometer Book Y—," a fascinating text-book of weather lore is yours at your request.

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GLASTENBURY HEALTH UNDERWEAR

Protection—against chilling of the body; often a forerunner of colds, pneumonia and rheumatism.

Famous over half a century for its superior qualities.

Every garment shaped to the figure and guaranteed not to shrink.

Glastenbury Two-Piece, Flat-Knit Spring-Needle Underwear is made in fifteen grades, several weights of fine wools, worsted and merino.

Adjustable drawer bands on all except \$1.25 grade.

	per garment
Natural Gray Wool, winter weight	\$1.25
Natural Gray Wool, winter weight	1.75
Natural Gray Wool, winter weight (double thread)	2.00
Natural Gray Wool, light weight	1.25
Natural Gray Worsted, light weight	1.75
Natural Gray Australian Lamb's Wool, light weight	2.00
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Opportunity

Mr. J. Vacuum Bubble, the well known Magnate and Platitudinarian, sailed for South America yesterday on the Imbecelia. Before leaving he gave his customary interview, saying:

"I hear much talk these days about the lack of opportunities in this country. This is all bosh. There are as many opportunities for young men in this country to-day as there ever were. When I was a boy, a great many lads went barefoot. To-day I see a great many children wearing shoes. What does that prove?"

"It proves that if a young fellow will work, he will make some money and get ahead, and if he doesn't work he is likely to get ahead anyway, provided he is lucky. Doesn't it stand to reason that if a man will save his pennies he will have more pennies than if he hadn't saved his pennies?"

At this point Mr. Bubble excused himself from the reporters, explaining that it always gave him a headache to think such deep thoughts.

Shocking

THE REV. SHYBIRD: I had such a curious dream last night. I dreamt I was in the Garden of Eden.

MISS KENSINGTON: Oh, how toppin'. And did Eve appear as she is generally represented?

THE REV. SHYBIRD: I-I-er-I didn't look.—*The Sketch*.

Sense of Humor

"What is a sense of humor?"

"A sense of humor," replied Mr. Growcher, "is what makes you laugh at something that happens to somebody else which would make you mad if it happened to you."—*Washington Star*.

Desperation

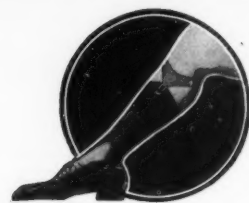
COOK (who, after interview with prospective mistress, is going to think it over): 'Ullo! a p'rambulator! If you'd told me you 'ad children I needn't have troubled meself to 'ave come.

THE PROSPECTIVE MISTRESS: Oh! B-but if you think the place would otherwise suit you I dare say we could board the children out.—*Punch*.

Very Essential

MAJOR-GENERAL (addressing the men before practising an attack behind the lines): I want you to understand that there is a difference between a rehearsal and the real thing. There are three essential differences: First, the absence of the enemy. Now (turning to the regimental sergeant-major), what is the second difference?

SERGEANT-MAJOR: The absence of the general, sir.—*Tatler*.



"ALL my life every magazine I've looked into has had the picture of a man's leg with a certain kind of garter on it—Boston! So when I go into a store to buy a pair of garters I just naturally say 'Boston.' So do you!"

—AMBROSE PEALE

SILK **Boston** LISLE
50 **Garter** 25
Cents *Velvet Grip* Cents

Gives men more service and more comfort for its cost than any other article they wear. It's put on and taken off in a jiffy and holds socks neatly and securely.

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AZUREA



"Its Enchanting Fragrance surrounds you with Charm and Loveliness."

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Generous Samples of AZUREA Perfume, Face Powder and Sachet will be sent on receipt of 10c.

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Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

WANTED: AN IDEA

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and list of Patent Buyers.

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MOTOR CAR body building has developed in a direct line from the wood-working, coach-building art of ancient time.

It is an art that is still separate and distinct.

Seldom if ever has this art been successfully combined with the building of motor car chassis or with any other development of the metal-working trade.

Fisher Bodies

open, closed and convertible, are built in wide variety to the order of such discriminating manufacturers as Buick, Cadillac, Chalmers, Chandler, Ford, Hudson and Maxwell, and can be bought only as parts of completed motor cars.

These bodies have shown their ability to equal or surpass in service-giving durability the respective chassis on which they are mounted.

Because they have proven this ability, Fisher Bodies have made their manufacturer the world's greatest builder of motor car bodies.

Fisher Body Corporation
Detroit - Michigan

You generally give all your guests the same drink when you mix your own cocktails. How much better to have ready on the ice the favorite varieties of

Club Cocktails

to meet the individual taste!

In all ten varieties, Club Cocktails are marked by a smoothness and balance of flavor practically impossible in the home mixed variety.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
Hartford New York London
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BRAND'S A-1 SAUCE



A Stormy Day Outdoors

Is just the time you catch colds.
A good preventive is

Old Overholt Rye
"Same for 107 Years"

Aged in the wood, bottled in bond. It is ideal for medicinal use in the home.

A. Overholt & Co. Pittsburgh, Pa.

SUNNY BROOK
The PURE FOOD Whiskey
Distilled, Aged and Bottled in Bond
PURE - MELLOW - HEALTHFUL
DISTILLED BY Sunny Brook Distillery Co., Louisville, Ky.

Farming by the Book

When the agitation in regard to backyard farming began, Edwin Bookworm decided to do his bit toward helping his country by cultivating a small plot of land on the southwestern side of his house. He had never raised a vegetable in his life; but that fact didn't worry him.

For weeks he haunted the public library, taking out and reading upward of two hundred and eleven books, averaging one and one-quarter pounds apiece, on the subject of scientific, intensive farming.

He sent samples of earth from his plot of land to three agricultural experimental stations, and received long letters from the stations telling him what sort of chemicals and fertilizers he would have to add to the soil in order to raise different sorts of vegetables.

When planting-time arrived, he squandered a small fortune for fertilizers, garden tools, hose, seed and sprouted plants.

He worked on his plot of land early and late, developing passionate blisters on the palms of his hands and a hectic sunburn on the back of his neck.

Little did he dream that all the neighbors were chuckling over his earnestness, and pitying him because of the crop of giant weeds and dwarfed and distorted vegetables that he was going to get from his garden.

But when his vegetables finally ripened, they were seen to be at least twice as large as those which were raised by the professional farmers in the neighborhood; and Edwin Bookworm's little plot of land fed him and his family through the entire autumn and winter.

A Big Day in Iowa

Seldom have there been more excitement and pleasure in this town. There was a social at the M. E. Church parlors, a demonstration of a new beverage in Gauley's drug-store, and a meeting of the Philomath at the same time.—*Mer-cyville Banner.*

A Useful Tip

THE SLUM VISITOR: I should think you'd be afraid to live here. There's no fire-escape.

THE SLUM DWELLER: I don't need one, lady. Whenever the cops come up after me, I make my getaway over the roof.—*Boston Globe.*

That Confusing Cockney

MISTRESS: Did you heat up that veal-and-ham pie as I told you, Susan?

SUSAN: Yes, mum.

MISTRESS: Very well. We'll have it for lunch.

SUSAN: Lor' mum! 'Ow can yer, mum, when I've het it, mum?

—*The Sketch.*



WHERE SHALL I
GO TO-NIGHT
Plays Now in
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Gaiety Theatre Evenings at 8.20
Turn to the Right Matinees Wed. and
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"UNDILUTED JOY"—WORLD

ELTINGE Theatre, W. 42nd Street,
Eves. at 8.20. Mats. Wed.
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Selwyn & Co. present

JANE COWL
in "LILAC TIME"

By Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin

Cohan & Harris Theatre Call Bryant 6344
West 42nd Street
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COHAN & HARRIS PRESENT

The Willow Tree
A FANTASY OF JAPAN

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After the Play Visit Atop New Amsterdam
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NEW ZIEGFELD Meeting Place
of the World
MIDNIGHT FROLIC
30 Most Beautiful Girls in the World

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WINTER GARDEN . . . PASSING SHOW
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YOUR
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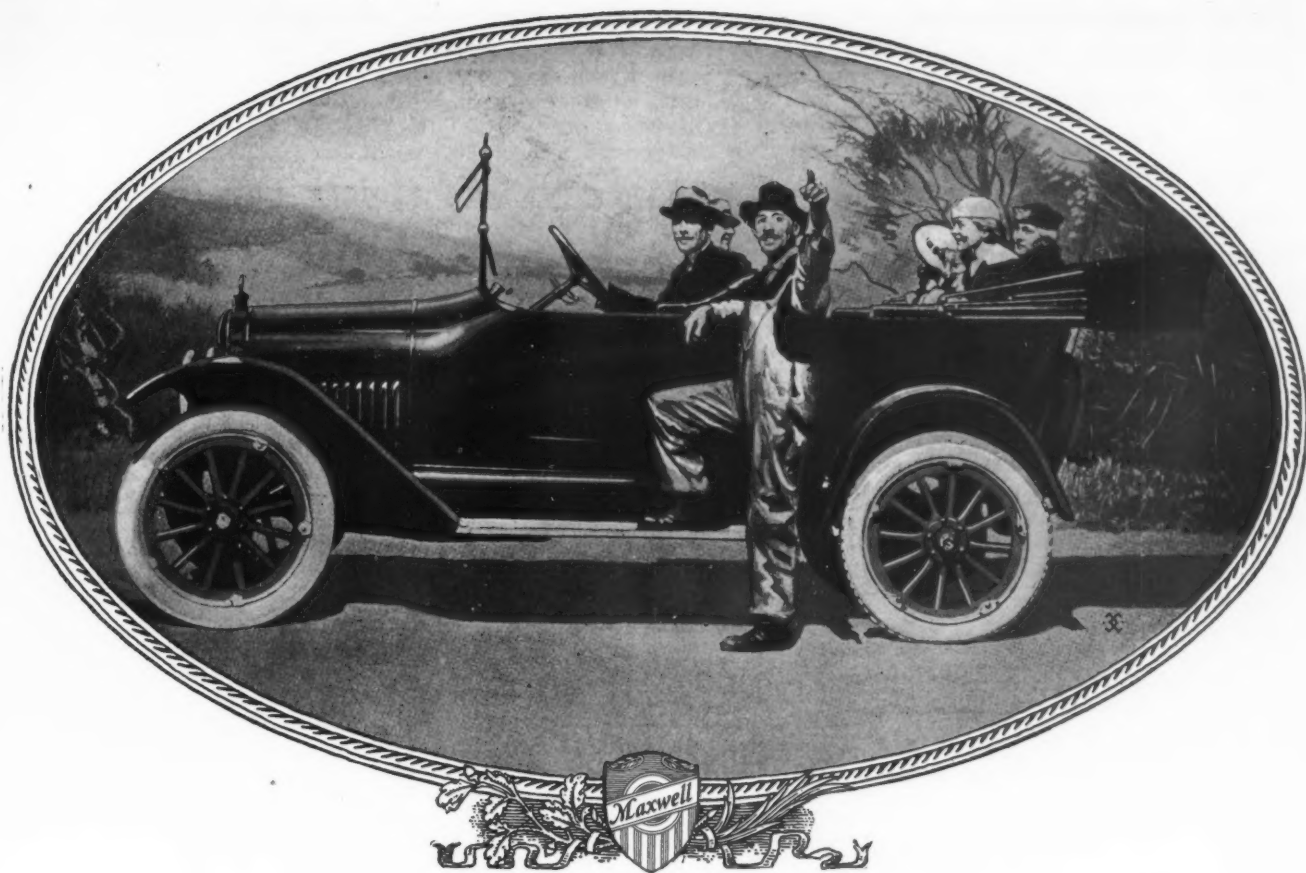
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Your dealer or
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The Practical Man's Car —Mechanically Right

The Maxwell is made right, inside and out.

It is not built to exploit the experimental ideas of any ingenious engineer.

It is not a new, untried invention, not even a new model.

But it is the perfection of *one* model grounded like a rock on the known, proved, time-tried principles of automobile construction.

The Maxwell car *you* buy will run today, next month, next year, and the year after, till you have got out of it, with interest, every dollar you paid for it.

You know what a man looks like—his features, the color of his hair, the

shape of his nose, and how tall he is,

—but character and mind are the real man, and you don't know what *they* look like,

—you can't see character and mind.

You can see what the Maxwell looks like—that it has grace and style.

You can ride in a Maxwell and feel that it runs smoothly and is comfortable.

But the *real* Maxwell is the hidden part—covered up—unseen—motor, clutch, transmission, rear axle, and other mechanical elements,

—all of which are scientifically coordinated into the "character and mind" of the car, the vital things

which keep it going economically through season after season.

You don't need even to take the word of the great Company that makes the Maxwell—the records speak:

—thousands of Maxwell owners run their cars on \$6 to \$8 a month,

—others have driven them from 50,000 to 150,000 miles;

—which demonstrates Maxwell economy and endurance,

—which proves that it is the most inexpensive car to run,

—and that it is a many-season, not a one-season, car.

Give the nearest Maxwell Dealer a chance to let the car prove itself to you.

Roadster, \$650; Touring Car, \$665; Cabriolet, \$865; Town Car, \$915; Sedan, \$985, completely equipped, including electric starter and lights. All prices f. o. b. Detroit. Canadian prices: Roadster, \$870; Touring Car, \$890, f. o. b. Windsor, Ont.

Roadster
\$650

F. O. B. Detroit

Maxwell

Motor Company, Inc., Detroit, Mich.

Touring Car
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THE MODERN CAR IS THE FAMILY CAR

Let the spirit of unselfishness join hands with common sense in buying your motor car. Your wife, your daughter, your son—haven't they the right to motoring pleasure as much as you? That is the added advantage of owning a Detroit Electric. So simple, so easy is it to drive that the whole family can enjoy it together—or singly.

Further—it is better business, if you want to put the matter on a dollars and cents basis, to own a car all the family can drive. For then you double, triple or quadruple the use you get from it as compared to the car you alone can operate.

It is a man's car. Drive it yourself and you will quickly prove its ample power, big mileage range (80 to 90 miles on a single charge), its speed, its vigorous pick-up, its flexibility. And it is a woman's car in point of driving ease, comfort, quietness, availability. You'll both appreciate its freedom from need of service attention and its low cost of operation. Prices \$1975 to \$2575, f. o. b. Detroit.

Detroit Electric

ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR CO.
DETROIT
MICHIGAN (255)

AROUND THE WORLD

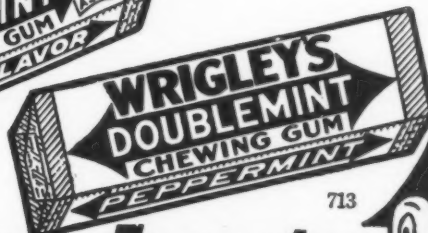
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The largest selling gum in the world because its quality, lasting flavor and its package are the kind most appreciated.

People have learned its benefits: refreshment—aid to appetite and digestion—soothing, antiseptic influence to mouth and throat and the advantages of sweet, clean breath.

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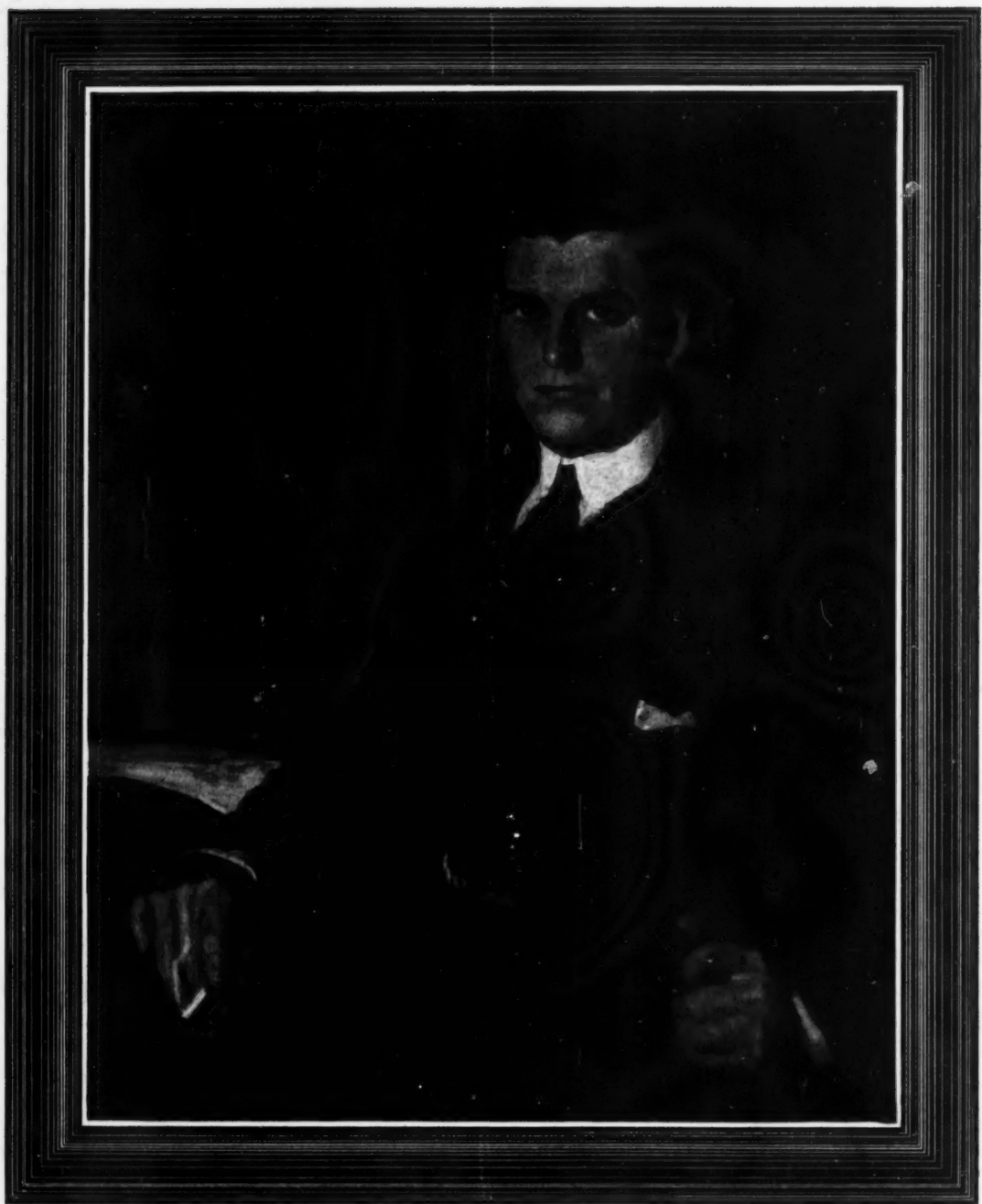


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The Flavor Lasts





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TODAY, "big" men—young as well as old—know that it is worth while to give some thought even to what they smoke.

Of course, Fatima is not the only cigarette chosen by these men; but it perhaps comes nearer to it than any other.

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